

The Listener

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'Portrait of a Young Man', by Ludwig Tom Ring the Younger (see page 22)

In this number:

The International Geophysical Year (Sir Edward Appleton)

Technical Progress in British Industry (R. D. Young)

C. K. Ogden: Inventor of Basic English (Lance Sieveking)

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To the Saxons, this was 'Moed-monath', the month of meadows. The modern name, however, honours the best-known of all Romans and first distinguished visitor to this island, Julius Caesar.

More than once we have been spurred on to greater efforts by the reminder that no successful invasion of these shores has taken place since 1066. That very odd landing by the French on the coast of Pembrokeshire in 1797 does not apparently count. Neither, it would seem, does the annual—and usually successful—"invasion" which we attempt to stem at Wimbledon and Henley. How nice it would be if we could retain the Diamond Sculls and/or win a Singles Championship . . . Beyond suggesting that the rallying-cry in this situation would appear to be '1066', the Midland Bank can offer no constructive advice. Instead, it contents itself by dealing expeditiously with the foreign visitors' banking requirements at its Overseas Branch, 122 Old Broad Street, London, E.C.2 and at its 2130 branches throughout England and Wales.

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The International Geophysical Year

By SIR EDWARD APPLETON

AT midnight G.M.T. on June 30 the curtain rose on a scene of varied and complex scientific activity—the first act of the International Geophysical Year 1957-58. Since last January those taking part in these epic events have been rehearsing; while in June there were even dress rehearsals. But since midnight on June 30, in the language of the theatre, 'no matter what happens the show must go on'. Yes, the analogy between this gigantic scientific exercise and the theatre is, I think, permissible. For nearly seven years now we have been planning the detail of this global study of land, sea, and air—writing the script, if you like. People have been learning their parts—some knew them already—but all are now to play them, regularly, day after day and night after night: and this will continue till the end of December next year. For, although we speak of it as a Geophysical Year, in fact a full eighteen months will be needed for all we want to do.

The work of the International Geophysical Year—the I.G.Y., as we call it—is to be largely a matter of making measurements: measurements of some characteristic of our own planet, or, if we cannot make actual measurements, a matter of describing something as accurately as we can. It may be the measurement of the strength of earthquake shocks, or the measurement of the level of the sea or the strength of sea currents, or the measurement of atmospheric winds and temperatures at great heights.

The other characteristic feature of the I.G.Y. is that we have planned to ensure that all measurements are made as accurately, as uniformly, and as regularly as possible. To the standard world network of geophysical stations many others of a temporary character have been added, for the period of

the I.G.Y., stations whose positions have been selected to fill important gaps in world coverage. It will thus be possible to measure certain geophysical quantities all over the world at the same time and in the same way.

Of course, adding these new observing stations to the existing network has meant that many scientists have had the great adventure of going to new places, to distant places, as, for example, to the Antarctic. As I know from my own experience during a previous occasion of this kind—the Second International Polar Year of 1932-33, when I was a member of a radio expedition which went to the Arctic to study the ionosphere there—there is undoubtedly the excitement of going to set up your equipment under new conditions, but the real job is that of making sure that your equipment operates all the time and carrying out the agreed schedule of measurements, come what may, and not allowing boredom, or tiredness, or even illness, to affect that achievement. You will therefore understand why I say that the bulk of the work during the I.G.Y. will call for the exercise of simple, uncomplicated human virtues, those of diligence, steadfastness, and loyalty. It is scarcely a job for the 'angry young men' we hear so much about today!

During the I.G.Y., then, more than sixty nations are to join in a scientific programme in which the physical features of our own planet will be studied from its core to its outer atmospheric fringe. Some of these features vary so slowly that their measurement during the I.G.Y. can form only part of a long-term programme extending over many years. Take, for example, the proposed accurate determinations of the latitudes and longitudes of some twenty different stations, using the moon and the stars as reference points. These

results will bear on the question of how continents are drifting, slowly, over the years. A global series of measurements of the earth's main magnetic field will, again, tell us precisely where the magnetic poles have got to, for we know that they have been wandering, slowly, over the centuries. Similarly, measurements of the advance or retreat of polar ice and mountain glaciers bear on the question of whether our climate is getting warmer or colder. Actually glaciers seem, on the whole, to be on the retreat: and scientists are wondering whether this can be due to natural causes, or whether we ourselves are helping to bring it about artificially, by the way our chimneys pour carbon dioxide into the atmosphere. For we do know this: that more carbon dioxide should help the atmosphere to trap more heat from the sun.

Investigating Changing Terrestrial Characteristics

However, the bulk of the effort of the I.G.Y. will undoubtedly be directed towards the investigation of terrestrial characteristics which change with the seasons: which change even from day to day, and, in some cases, from hour to hour. The ever-changing features of the earth's atmosphere will, for example, be subject to a three-dimensional scrutiny, special attention being paid to phenomena at great heights. Conditions in the upper atmosphere will be surveyed by sounding balloons, by rockets, and, most notably of all, by earth satellites—earth satellites which will not only radio the information they gather to the ground but also, by the number of times they circle the earth, will tell us how much resisting air they have encountered. Likewise, conditions in the ionosphere, that radio mirror in the sky, will be systematically examined by sounding stations, using vertical radio—nearly 200 of them—stations circling the Arctic and the Antarctic as well as sitting astride the equator. Linked up with the watch on the ionosphere there will be the auroral programme, and the measurement of the quicker changes in the earth's magnetic field, which we know are caused by high-level electric currents in the ionosphere and perhaps beyond it.

Undoubtedly here we shall be concerned with solar causes and terrestrial results. For the I.G.Y. was chosen as a period when sunspots would be expected to be notably frequent and active: and a major item on the I.G.Y. programme is to catalogue all the varied things that happen in the upper atmosphere when any particular sunspot has become active. To do this, fully, demands a frequency of observation which could not normally be sustained for the Geophysical Year as a whole. That is why an elaborate scheme for warning observers all over the world has been devised: a scheme for warning them that a sunspot region has become active and that the sun's normal sunshine is likely to be overlaid with abnormal local emissions from the sunspot region itself.

What, then, is the type of sunspot emission which we may expect to bombard the atmosphere on these special occasions? From past experience we can say it is likely to consist of both waves and particles, electromagnetic waves and atomic and electronic particles. Since bursts of both seem to be emitted at the same time, there is a race between them, from the sun to the earth. The waves win: time taken, about eight-and-a-half minutes. And, when they reach the earth, they can be detected in various ways. The visual astronomer, if he looks at the sunspot on the right optical wavelength, can see a bright patch—a solar flare. The radio-astronomer notes a burst of radio noise. But there is another effect of more practical importance. The sunspot blast contains, in addition, ultra-violet radiation and this causes a sudden radio fade-out on the sunlit hemisphere, which, for half an hour or so, can entirely block short-wave radio over long distances.

But what about the particle radiation which arrives later? Sometimes there is a really fast group which takes only an hour, or less, to reach the earth. These particles are thought to be primary cosmic rays and can only be detected by refined methods. But almost always the main batch of particles arrives much later, after taking one to three days. These are the slower rays which are so markedly steered towards the two magnetic poles and there give rise to displays of the polar lights, to ionospheric storms—including polar radio 'black-outs'—and to magnetic storms.

It is here that we see the enormous importance and value of the expeditions to the Antarctic. For all three manifestations of this polar activity—auroral displays, ionospheric storms, magnetic storms—are going to be observed there; as well, that is, as in Arctic regions at the same time. You will see at once the kind of questions which we may now expect to be answered, and answered directly. Are there similar auroral displays in the Arctic and the Antarctic at the same time? (Spring and autumn would be the periods to test this—for then both polar regions have the same length of night.) Are magnetic storms and ionospheric storms equally, and similarly, developed in the north and south polar regions? But you will see that these questions really bear on an even more fundamental one: Do sunspot particles, on approaching the earth, display a preference for the north magnetic pole rather than the south magnetic pole—or *vice versa*?

The Human Side of It All

But I come back to where I started—to the human side of it all. I was present at a Brussels meeting of a few ionospheric scientists, in 1950, at which the formal proposal of a year of international geophysical research was first adopted. Perhaps it did not occur to us at the time; but we now realise that the implementation of our recommendation is achieving far more than the progress of science, important though that may be. The international planning of the I.G.Y. has been harmonious throughout, as regards the choice of both the objectives and the means of attaining them. Moreover, secrecy has been banished and the results of *all* stations are to be available, for detailed examination by natural philosophers everywhere. For we must remember this: that making observations is one thing; seeing what they mean is another. And it will only be when the I.G.Y. observations have been fitted together, in a completed jigsaw of comprehension and understanding, that the effort entailed in making them will have been justified. Moreover, as we know from experience, it is from such a scientific interpretation that practical benefits are likely to follow—benefits like improved radio and weather forecasting and safer and surer navigation.

As for the measurements and observations which are to be made at nearly 1,000 stations, I keep being reminded of what Clerk Maxwell said a century ago about the activities of the old international Magnetic Union: 'Bacon's conception of "Experiments in Concert" was thus realised, the scattered forces of science were converted into a regular army, and jealousy and emulation became out of place, for the results of one observer were of no value till they were combined with those of the others'.—*Home Service*

'The Listener' Index

The Index to Volume LVII (January to June, 1957) will be published shortly and may be obtained free on application to the B.B.C. Publication Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1

Problems of the New German Army

By JOSSLEYN HENNESSY

WHEN, just two years ago, in May 1955, Germany entered Nato, she had no armed forces whatsoever. To build up an army, navy, and air force, from scratch, you need experienced officers and N.C.O.s. At first sight it seems extraordinary that in a nation with Germany's military record there should be, as in fact there is, an extreme scarcity of officers. But the war ended twelve years ago, and assuming that an 'experienced' officer should have had, say, a minimum of two years with the colours, including actual experience of command in battle, that would mean that he would today be at least thirty-two years old. But Germany rejects—reasonably as it seems to me—the idea of recruiting a middle-aged army.

A second difficulty arises because after the war there was a tendency on the part of the victorious allies to regard all German officers as potential war criminals, a suspicion which the mass of the German people found easy to accept. They are, after all, painfully conscious of their defeats in two successive world wars provoked by 'German militarism'. Consequently German ex-officers have found it difficult to get employment since the war—except as porters, night watchmen, garage hands, and in other similar jobs. From this it follows that, on the one hand, among a substantial section of German public opinion service in the armed forces, far from carrying any prestige, has some stigma attached to it; while, on the other, it was to be expected that all those German ex-officers who had failed to overcome the difficulties of making good as civilians would jump at the chance of returning to the life of 'an officer and a gentleman'.

But the German authorities do not want armed forces officered by cast-offs from civilian life—people who might be expected to have a grudge against the new German democracy. So the army accepts only those who have made good, like the captain I met who had risen from garage hand to motor-car sales manager.

This selective policy explains why all the German officers and N.C.O.s with whom I talked during my visit to the training centres of the new German army were men of ability and character, men who had given up a good job in civil life, and were ready to brave social stigma for the sake of service in the armed forces. But the net result is a serious shortage, particularly of junior officers and of N.C.O.s, the ratio of whom to the troops is far below that in the British and American armies.

The widespread antagonism in Germany to the revival of 'Prussianism' in the army adds to training difficulties in unexpected ways and slows down progress. Knowing that popular feeling is behind them, the men are sometimes difficult to discipline. It can, for example, happen in any army that three or four young men who are off duty take a couple of drinks too many and proceed to beat up the town. But the German commanding officer of today hesitates to ladle out punishment for such behaviour in the manner normal to all armies—for fear that the men may write to the newspapers or complain to a member of parliament that they have been victims of old-time Prussian drill-sergeant bullying. Today's commanding officer in Germany has to jolly his men along and feel his way towards raising standards of discipline.

Turning to the political aspects of German rearmament, it is inevitable that people in Germany are following with close and anxious attention the debates now taking place in all the countries of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation—that is to say, on such questions as whether Nato objectives cannot be achieved by fewer men with more powerful nuclear weapons, and whether the current disarmament conference may not come to some positive result which would reduce Germany's military requirements.

In a press conference especially addressed to a group of correspondents from Nato countries that I attended in Bonn, General de Maizière, Director of



Units of the German army in a march-past at Munchen-Gladbach in April, when Air Marshal the Earl of Bandon inspected Nato troops

Training to the German army, told us that the German Government regards the federal armed forces as a contribution to the common international defence of Europe through Nato and not primarily as forces for the national defence of Germany alone. Their structure and numbers would be conditioned by the requirements of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, and, the General was careful to add, Germany was ready to make her 'fair contribution, proportionate to the comparable efforts of her allies'.

This qualification suggests that there may perhaps be no desperate anxiety to move too hastily to solve the very real practical difficulties that impede the rebuilding of Germany's forces. It is my belief that the Germans would prefer to go slow until the outcome of the present debate among Nato countries makes clearer what a 'fair contribution' is and what 'comparable efforts' are.—*'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)*

Towards Nigerian Independence

By MARGERY PERHAM

LAST week the Nigerian Conference in London ended, and a statement was issued. It contained two main points: first, the Western and Eastern Regions are to have self-government at once, and the Northern Region in 1959. Second, it proved impossible to agree upon a date for federal independence, and this question will be discussed again in 1960.

These statements seem to need a little interpretation. Most people in Britain realise that in the queue for independence Nigeria is a giant figure, and they may rather wonder why little Ghana has pushed in front of it. But if Nigeria is big, so are its problems. Nigeria is only the name we gave to a great block of Africa for a score of the separate states and kingdoms which we annexed bit by bit, some of it as late as 1903. And it was our unity we imposed. According to the principle of indirect rule, they ran their own tribal and state institutions so that our unity rested still upon their disunity.

So what are this Federation and these Regions today? If you imagine Nigeria as something rather like a square, then the top half, partly Muslim, partly Hausa, is the Northern Region; south-west is the Yoruba group with their city states, still pagan when the world reached them by sea in the last century; South-east, cut off in their wet forest region, are the little clans, largely but not entirely Ibo, without states, cities or chiefs. Then, further east, lies the long, thin strip of the Cameroons, tapering up to the north, ex-German territory, held by us under mandate of the United Nations. Even these regions are not monolithic: the larger groups are set in a mosaic of smaller ones, and some of these even want to break off and form smaller states. This is a problem that could have wrecked the conference if it had not been firmly and wisely consigned to a commission which is to sit in Nigeria.

Naturally, these Regions, so different in history, in their culture, in their way of life so newly brought together, have tended to concentrate upon their regional rather than upon their federal self-government. True Dr. Azikiwe—'Zik'—gave his party a pan-Nigerian objective. He had a practical as well as a political purpose here, to show that his people, poor and congested but very vigorous and democratic, need to spread all over the rest of Nigeria and share its higher standards.

By 1959, all these three regions will be self-governing: even the North, which was for long half afraid to lose the supporting hand of Britain, in face of the more westernised southerners. And the Southern Regions had their own reasons to fear

the North: it is more than half the total in area and numbers.

If regional, why not federal self-government? If Britain hesitates here, it is not for any selfish reason. We can hardly have any interest at this late stage except to succeed in this great experiment and to keep Nigerian confidence and goodwill. The flood of colonial nationalism cannot be opposed now, but it can be, and must be, guided, harnessed to a viable constitutional and administrative structure; and all this structure has still to be made. The regions have still to settle down into their new self-government; intricate problems of finance, of police, of justice, have to be worked out; an electoral system has to be set up to elect the new and larger Federal Assembly which with a new Senate will meet in 1960 and will then take up this question of independence.

In the meantime, a Federal Prime Minister will be selected, and Britain's powers of control will be diminished. In fact she will remain, in the next few years, rather less as a ruler than as an adviser, and as an umpire between groups and parties, and also between the regions on the one side and the federation on the other. They will not be very easy years: great restraint over personal, party, and regional ambitions will be needed, but the prize of restraint will be great—Nigeria, with more than 30,000,000 people, the largest Negro nation, with all the influence that this could have in Africa, and in the world, and in the Commonwealth to which it will belong. After a good many years of studying Nigerian history, I am frankly amazed that the Nigerian leaders have come so far and so fast towards unity, both regional and federal unity. This is true, especially of the three Prime Ministers, and I think we should offer them our admiration for their achievement up to this point.

No doubt at the last conference much has been due to the very human touch of the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Lennox-Boyd. There is also the Governor-General, Sir James Robertson, a massive, quiet Scot, whom I watched not long ago bringing the Sudan on to independence. I think the conference would agree that his genius lies in his power to extract the heat out of the most controversial negotiations, and reduce them to the temperature of cool, friendly common sense.

But, as the splendid statement issued by two of the Prime Ministers showed, we shall have the one element, the all too rare element in these hazardous colonial movements, that is essential to our success, and that is the goodwill and confidence of the people of Nigeria and of their leaders.

—'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)

A Struggle for Freedom

FLORENCE O'DONOGHUE on the Irish war of independence

ACCOUNTS of national independence movements often have one particular kind of shortcoming. It is an over-emphasis of the purely political issues. The consequence is a neglect of social stresses, and an obscuring of motives which may have little to do with political demands, but which may well be an essentially important influence in promoting the formal nationalistic agitation. This preoccupation with political matters can be seen especially in the biographies of the leaders of national movements, and Ireland provides an illuminating example in Mrs. Bromage's new life* of Mr. de Valera.

The decisive period of the Irish revolution is commonly seen as the years between the rebellion of Easter, 1916, and the treaty signed by English and Irish plenipotentiaries in December, 1921, and I think it is fair to say that, to the viewpoint conventionally accepted now, those years saw the Irish nation engaged in a

determined and single-minded endeavour to throw off English control. It is accepted that armed insurgents were acting with the support of a majority of Irish people who wanted their country to be free. If you examine this thesis, you will see that it implies a national assent to agitation in arms. In other words, England having refused the Irish their freedom, they fought for it: a reasonable demand was wrongfully denied, and the result was a moral conflict in which the use of force by the Irish was justified.

Was it all so simple, so smooth? Was there a cleanly defined and a consistent national sanction for the resort to violent means of liberation? Those who say that there was also think of the militancy after 1916 in purely political terms: the great national grievance, they suppose, was the denial of political freedom, and they are not disposed to speculate whether other discontents were working on Irish society during those years. I think it is worth

* *De Valera and the March of a Nation*. By Mary C. Bromage. Hutchinson. 25s.

looking at the impulses which made men take up arms, because a conclusion about this should make it clearer just how much of an unequivocal backing there was for armed revolution.

A contemporary analysis was made by John Buchan, in his novel *The Three Hostages*. Macgillivray tells Richard Hannay that the moral imbecile has become a 'terribly common product after the war—cruel, humourless, utterly wanting in sense of proportion', and he says that the breed is present 'very notably among the sullen murderous hobbledehoys in Ireland'. The sapient Dr. Greenslade adds to this when he explains to Hannay that there has been what he calls a dislocation of the mechanism of human reasoning, and he says: 'The classes that shirked the war are the worst—you see it in Ireland'.

This forceful language is the freedom of the novelist. All the same, Buchan is using his characters to speak his own mind, and he was a fairly tolerant person, not blimpish at all. His point about shirking the war is relevant here. There was strong feeling in England especially after 1916, that Ireland was not doing its bit in the war, and it was present particularly in the leadership of official Labour. The reason was that British workers were creating disturbances because, when they were conscripted, Irishmen were taking over their jobs. Ireland was unconscripted right through the war. The Government did decide in 1918 to extend conscription to Ireland. This was at the time of the big German push. England was to have a thorough scraping of the man-power barrel, and the Labour leaders insisted that Ireland, too, should be brought in. The Irish executive had its misgivings about this, and there was a storm of opposition in Ireland. The Government dropped the project. By now, Irishmen of military age were staying at home, lest a period of domicile in England might sweep them into the army. As well as this, the peace-time avenue of emigration to America had been closed. Later on, when the Irish executive was trying to suppress violent activities, the Viceroy, Lord French, was moved to say that the principal cause of the trouble was the stopping of emigration. He said that there were in Ireland between 100,000 and 200,000 young men who in normal times would have emigrated.

What significance has this? For one thing, the greater supply of labour resulted in more unemployment, and it tended to keep wages down. Another, though less tangible, result was noted by Lord French. This may be described as the unsettling impact of the war on men who had not fought. Within a year of the armistice, nearly twenty policemen had been shot dead in Ireland, and the militant leaders were mostly very young men, as we know now from books written by and about them. Typical was Sean Treacy, who led attacks on police in Tipperary and who became one of the most prominent fighters in Dublin. He was twenty-five when he was shot dead in a Dublin gun-battle in 1920.

Sean Treacy was typical, too, in that he was the son of a small farmer—in this case the holding was of fourteen acres. The early fighters in the rural areas were mostly either landless labourers or the sons of small farmers. This makes it understandable why the first manifestations of militancy should have been non-political. Throughout 1917 and 1918 there was one significant and widespread form of violence. This was the seizure of grazing lands and their distribution among landless men and subsistence farmers.

The headquarters of the militant organisation tried to prevent its members from taking part in these seizures. It was against this background that the attacks on police began.

One cannot say that there was no connection between social upheaval and political thinking. If you think of Parnell's career, you will see how the land and political questions had been related, and though the Land Purchase Acts had made an enormous difference they had not done away with subsistence farming and the resentments of landless men. It is not surprising that the underprivileged should have an innate radicalism, and that they should express this in a radical political demand—in this case for an all-Ireland republic, something that was unobtainable.

By early 1919, the agrarian troubles of the two preceding years had become tied up with republicanism, and what we must call a small war was developing. The characteristic action in the first

stages of this war was the attack on police, sometimes on the highway, sometimes in their barracks. There were two reasons for this. The agrarian disturbances could not but lead to friction with the police. Secondly, there was an old extremist tradition of hostility to the police force as an instrument and a symbol of British authority. Extremist or advanced politicians were against violence, but they advocated ostracism of the police. By doing this they were expressing resentment against Government servants who had to enforce the sedition laws and the Defence of the Realm Regulations. These politicians opposed a war against England, mostly because they thought it would be wrong in the circum-

stances of the times, and those who would support a war believed it impracticable. None the less these politicians were often driven by the excitement of public meetings into uttering violent words, and it was thus that they came into collision with the police.

It is easy to see the dangers of the situation, and easier still if we note that arms were not hard to come by. These had been bought before the Great War when the organisation called the Irish Volunteers was an innocuous body without any intention of attacking the Government and its forces. Again, during the land troubles, private houses were raided for arms. These raids were strictly local enterprises, carried on without any orders from the headquarters of the Irish Volunteers. In fact, we know from the official Life of Michael Collins that the headquarters policy was simply to maintain the volunteer body; there was no war policy, though it was possible that conscription would have met with armed resistance organised by the volunteer headquarters.

The situation in 1919 was that the local militants acted independently of any central control, though towards the end of the year Collins was organising the shooting of Dublin police. By now, the discontents of the rural areas had spread to the cities. In all parts of Ireland, except the northern counties, the police found themselves on the defensive, and the country was drifting into a condition of guerrilla war. It was in the nature of things that this should happen, but what I want to stress is that when Sean Treacy and the local militants began their campaign against the police, they were acting on their own. Volunteer headquarters were embarrassed, and tried to get Treacy and other militants to quit the country.

What did the people think? The popular response to this early
(continued on page 24)



A group at the Grosvenor Hotel, London, in July 1921: seated, Eamon de Valera (left) and Arthur Griffiths; standing (left to right), Count Plunkett, Erskine Childers, Laurence O'Neill (Lord Mayor of Dublin), Lily O'Brennan, Dr. R. P. Farnan, Mrs. Farnan, Robert Barton, and Kathleen O'Connell

From 'De Valera and the March of a Nation'

The Listener

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Inside the Book World

THE book trade is not particularly esoteric to people who know anything at all about it, but to those who only read a book or two a year authorship and publishing have a *mystique* and a prestige which fascinate. On that assumption 'a new survey of the making and distribution of books in Britain'* has now appeared. The trouble is that whereas in private conversation a publisher or an author may let down his hair, he is less likely to do so in print. Points may be made and grievances aired, but in public one must put the best face one can upon things, and keep the seamy side for the luncheon table or the cocktail party. Take authorship first. Mr. Walter Allen speaks for authors, but as he tells us he has been an adviser to publishers, he obviously looks at the matter from both sides of the fence. However, he does inform us that it is the duty of an author to obtain the best terms possible from his publishers; but then most fledgling authors are only too delighted to induce someone to publish their books at all. He may find an agent (and if he has swum the Channel ten times or been married to a film actress or escaped from a concentration camp, he will be wise to do so), but has to think twice about that. Next we are given an article by an agent who tells us how useful agents are and modestly remains anonymous.

Authors are of course to some extent necessary to the book trade, but, as Mr. J. B. Priestley pointed out in a newspaper article, it is easy to gain the impression from the publishing world that they are rather a nuisance and ought to be sufficiently grateful for having their books published without the additional felicity of being paid for them. Sir Allen Lane, for instance, in apologising for increasing the price of his books since he started his paper-bound Penguins says that the climb in price is parallel to the 'rising gradient' of royalties. Most authors will be surprised: they know that the cost of publishing, printing and paper have risen enormously since before the war: they are not conscious of the fact that, other things being equal, they are obtaining notably higher royalties in real money terms. Examining the statistics at the back of the book, they can none the less read that publishers' turnover increased nearly fivefold between 1937 and 1955, which, while allowing for the fall in the value of money, is an increase not to be sniffed at. Even Mr. Allen, bestriding the fence, remarks 'To authors—or a few of them—goes the fame; to publishers the permanent table at the Ivy'.

Careful research will discover one or two other tit-bits of knowledge in this survey. The ignorant can learn what the Net Book Agreement is—its aim is to prevent price cutting by booksellers. A bookseller tells us, on the other hand, that present trade terms discourage good bookselling: if the publishers were to give them a bigger discount on books that do not sell themselves, they might sell more of them. Mr. Richard Church innocently explains that reviewing is not a dishonest trade and that he has never been asked by anybody to scratch his back. We also learn that the value of books exported to Australia is double that of books exported to the United States of America. And finally that 'book clubs' are not as popular with booksellers as 'book clubs' would like them to be.

* *The Book World Today*. Edited by John Hampden Allen and Unwin. 21s.

What They Are Saying

More foreign broadcasts on Hungary

THE UNITED NATIONS REPORT on Hungary continued to be a major subject of comment, coupled with the latest news from inside Hungary, where, at the Communist Party Congress on June 29, a resolution was adopted declaring that the battle against the 'counter-revolution' was by no means over. The resolution also declared that the doctrine of 'national Communism' and its advocates must be annihilated both politically and ideologically: Marxism-Leninism would again be made compulsory in universities and high schools. Addressing the Congress, Mr. Kadar called for a solid front against the party's enemies: he said the 'violent debate' at the congress had been very useful. The Minister of the Interior told the Congress it would be a grave mistake to underestimate the strength of the 'counter-revolutionaries', who had gone underground. Budapest radio also announced the forthcoming trial of General Maleter, who disappeared last November when he went to the Soviet military headquarters in Budapest to negotiate for the withdrawal of Soviet troops. On June 28, a few days after announcing that the death sentence on two young writers had been suspended, Budapest radio announced that four Hungarians, including a twenty-five-year-old woman, who took part in the rising, had been executed.

Broadcasts from Moscow continued to attack the United Nations report on Hungary, claiming that its purpose was to divert attention from 'western opposition to disarmament'. Moscow told its English listeners that 'not a grain of truth had gone into the report'. A Moscow broadcast to many foreign audiences stated:

There is no Hungarian question. It was created artificially. The Hungarian Government, expressing the will of the people, has repeatedly protested against intervention in the country's internal affairs. Would it not be better to have done with the whole thing, and say openly that the U.S.A. is trying to raise a hullabaloo over Hungary for the purpose of intervening in her internal affairs under the banner of the United Nations? This is today clear to the broad public circles which are protesting against these subversive activities of the United States.

A Moscow broadcast to Hungary stated:

As our dear listeners already know, reactionary western newspapers have been quite hysterical for the past four days over the United Nations Special Committee's Report on the so-called Hungarian problem. But it is obvious that the whole propaganda bluff . . . has failed to exercise a greater impact on the peoples than a cheap conjuror's trick in the market square. . . . Even Gaitskell, leader of the British Labour Party, was constrained to call the Committee's slanderous report a 'mere gesture', which helped neither the Hungarians nor peace. [This is a complete misrepresentation of Mr. Gaitskell's statement.]

Moscow told its home listeners:

A scummy wave of slander and insinuation has flooded the pages of bourgeois newspapers during the last few days. Avid for provocations, the slanderers have seized upon a cheap forgery—the recently published report of the so-called Special Committee on the Hungarian question . . . based on some theses compiled by the United States representative in the United Nations. These theses are diluted with evidence given by traitors.

Hungarian broadcasts were on the same lines. One broadcast hopefully declared:

We are sure that the report's crude falsifications will convince sober United Nations delegates that certain imperialist circles wish to use the report to impede the much-desired relaxation in international affairs.

From the United States, *The New York Times* was quoted as expressing sentiments heard from numerous other western commentators:

The least that can be done is for the United Nations Assembly to resume its suspended session for the express purpose of taking up this report. The revulsion of the civilised world against Russia's aggression in Hungary must be emphasised and re-emphasised; the contempt of every free state for the Kadar regime must be underlined. Whatever moral weight the opinion of free peoples may have—and we believe it has, cumulatively, a great deal of weight—must be brought to bear against the degradation of the human spirit that the Russian masters have forced on Hungary.

Did You Hear That?

GUILDFORD'S SEVEN-HUNDREDTH YEAR

LAST WEEK the town of Guildford in Surrey celebrated the seven-hundredth anniversary of the granting of its first two recorded Charters by Henry III. DAVID HOLMES talked about the history of the town in the Home Service.

'One man, at least, who was difficult to please came to Guildford and found it to his liking', he said. 'That was William Cobbett, who in the eighteen-twenties rode up the steep, cobbled High Street and said: "I, who have seen so many, many towns think it the prettiest, and, taken altogether, the most agreeable and most happy looking that I ever saw in my life". And many people would say much the same today. For, with all the blemishes brought to any town by ill-inspired shop designers, Guildford still keeps a handful of distinguished, shapely buildings on its main street and many more tucked away behind:

'There are the seventeenth-century Guildhall, with John Aylward's fine clock jutting out over the street; the earlier Abbot's Hospital — almshouses where twenty-two brethren and sisters receive a room each with free lighting, heating, and nursing; and the Royal Grammar School which Edward VI endowed in 1553. It is the only school in England with a chained library of books. Its scholars were already busy playing "creckett" in the fifteen-fifties.

'Guildford gives the impression of being made of hills. The High Street itself runs down a steep one to where the "ford" of Guildford once was. Then on a little promontory to the south is what is left of the castle, which was a favourite place of the Norman and Plantagenet kings. Their children used it as a nursery. On Stag's Hill to the west of the town is the new cathedral, now building again after many years of standing incomplete. And on a smaller hill along the Godalming road is St. Catherine's chapel, a fourteenth-century ruin. Looking across the river from it is Shalford Park, where the Guildford anniversary pageant was held. A thousand performers gathered from surrounding parts presented nineteen scenes from the town's last 700 years: Henry III presenting the charters of 1257; a Tudor fair, with its bustle and sport and thieving; Queen Elizabeth I passing through the town on her way to the noble house of Losely, and entertained by the Grammar School scholars with a masque "The Judgement of Paris". And on through the Civil War (Guildford was a Cromwellian town); Monmouth's one-night stay at Abbot's Hospital on his way to execution in London; the arrival of the little red-and-yellow train, the first one, in 1845; and, twenty years later, the violent and destructive Guy Fawkes Riots of November 5. That day in any year seems to have been a fairly disorderly one. Earlier, the Borough Treasurer's accounts had shown an item of £298 paid for special constables one November 5. That entry is on view, with hundreds of others, in an exhibition of borough plate and records which opened at the Guildhall last Saturday.

'Here are a few of the sidelights on Guildford's history to be

found there: a record of fines (ranging from 4d. to 3s. 4d.) imposed in 1547 on fishmongers, wine-sellers, barbers, and others for overcharging or inferior workmanship; 22s. 6d. entered in 1717 for "a new ducking-chair and painting it"; and 7s. 6d. entered in 1827 for "cleaning white-washed remarks off walls".

EDGAR WALLACE AT HOME

'The most characteristic thing about my father', said PAT WALLACE in 'Woman's Hour', 'was that he worked very hard. He was not a man with a gimmick. He just worked for the greater part of his waking hours all his working life. The working life began when he was about thirteen and ended the day he died. His working day used to begin about seven o'clock. At that time he woke up, had the first of many cups of tea, and went to his study

to read all the morning newspapers. Then he would write for a little while, mostly notes for stories or ideas for articles, until breakfast at 8.30, when he required everyone to be assembled. After that, we would disperse and he would go back to his study which, in London, had double windows against noise and glass screens against draughts. He took a strong view about these two menaces and used to wear long mosquito boots against draughts. He was a very practical man—even the long cigarette holder he used which always appeared in photographs and caricatures of him he adopted because he smoked a great deal and the length of the



Looking up Guildford High Street from The Mount

holder kept the smoke out of his eyes while he was writing.

'When his two secretaries arrived there would be a brief session occupied by their reminders of when which editor wanted what. He might, and often did, then dictate at least two magazine or newspaper articles, with not more than one or two minutes' pause between them, before he turned to the business of the day's racing which at this time in the morning meant the day's betting. One of his secretaries was as absorbed in this as he, and mighty consultations of form-at-a-glance used to follow. He loved everything to do with racing and at one time had fourteen highly unco-operative horses in training. Anyway after all this, if he were writing a play, which he always did by hand, or a book, which he always did by a dictating machine, he would be left in cloistered quiet until luncheon.

'In the afternoon he would sleep for two hours when he was not going to a race-meeting, which he did about twice a week in the "flat" season, and then work until dinner time, which, like most luncheons, was a family affair with one or two friends joining us. Often he went to the first nights of plays, and after that we would go on to supper or, if the first night were of one of his own plays (he once had four running in London at the same time) he would give a huge party for the cast and a few guests. After that, two or three of those most concerned with the play would come home while, with some equally enthusiastic, night-owling friends, I would go to Orange Street to collect the early editions with the critics' notices and bring them home for a

detailed inquest. After these first-night parties he would get to bed about two or three o'clock, but he never went earlier than midnight and he always had a man on night duty to bring him cups of tea or his favourite food—rice pudding—if he were working late.

'Anyone who has heard of Edgar Wallace knows about his lively, unquenchable imagination. In relation to his family it was just as vital and gave his children their happiest memories. When in the mood, he was an extremely funny man, and whether he was telling us stories or, when we were away at school, writing us letters which he generally illustrated he would be witty or touching or an inspired mimic. He could even give us advice—surprisingly austere advice sometimes—without a touch of heaviness. He could not have been pompous if he had tried. When we were young he used to take an American newspaper in which there was a series of magical drawings about an eccentric but kindly animal called Krazy Kat. There were some villainous characters, too, but Krazy was the one we all liked best, and gradually Krazy became the name we all used for my father.

'When we were driving with him he liked to stop on the way and do some shopping, which he never did in London. He was always delighted with the quality of the things he bought and was convinced they were far better than one could get in the London shops he never entered. As a result, he always sent to Margate for his eau-de-cologne, to Newmarket for sausages, and to Folkestone for eider-downs. He thought the fruit from Brighton was particularly good. His tastes in food were simple, rather nursery. He liked doughnuts and ginger beer. Many of the actors in his plays used to keep some in their dressing-rooms for him when he came to the theatre during performances.

'He chose the Thames valley to live in and spent more and more time there, looking over the sweep of the river from the hills where we settled, raising his impressive eyebrows at my attempts at gardening, drinking his cups of tea and, of course, working. He was not much of a club man or a social man or a public figure and he was surprised when his popularity spread from the racecourse and the theatre to the press and the makers of topical jokes. One of these that I liked was about the man who telephoned and said he wanted to speak to Edgar Wallace. "I'm sorry, sir", said the butler, "Mr. Wallace is writing a book". "All right", said the man, "I'll hold on".'

A NEW AIR NAVIGATOR

A British firm, Marconi's, is offering a revolutionary navigation system for use in airliners. Until recently, most of the details have been kept secret, and the device has been used only in military aircraft. The B.B.C.'s air correspondent, IVOR JONES, spoke about this new system in 'Radio Newsreel'.

'This equipment', he said, 'can tell a pilot, for the first time, whether he is keeping on course or not without any help from the ground and in any weather. He does not need to rely on forecast winds or ground transmitters. He does not need to be able to see the earth or the stars. It is a Doppler navigator, and works by sending out a radar beam, receiving it again when it has bounced back from the ground or sea, and measuring how its wavelength has changed in the meantime. This wavelength changes usually little more than an inch, which is an indication of how sensitive this equipment is. The radar information is fed into a computer which can tell the pilot his ground speed

and also the speed and direction of the wind. More than that, this navigator gives him his position at any moment. It can tell him whether he is on track or not, and how far he is from his destination. Alternatively, the system can be coupled to an automatic pilot, in which case the aircraft would practically navigate itself.

'The whole equipment, the firm says, weighs only 130 pounds, including the computer and aerial. It can work at any height from 150 feet to nearly ten miles, and at speeds of more than 1,000 miles an hour. Its price is not yet published, but the R.A.F. version is believed to have cost about £5,000.

'As far as accuracy goes, the system at present can make an error of one mile in every 100 flown, that is to say, on the North Atlantic crossing a pilot flying from Canada would not be more than twenty-five miles off track by the time he had reached Britain, even if he never checked his position by any other method. That, by present standards, is good. But the makers hope that by the

time the Doppler equipment is in airline service, results will be even better. Flight tests will start before the end of the year, and deliveries to airlines should begin in 1959, that is, by the time the big jets are coming into service, and its use should add greatly to safety in flight'.



The head of George III from the statue made of coade stone which once stood on a pillar at Dunston near Lincoln
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GEORGE III 'RESTORED'

A relic of the past now being restored is the statue of George III erected in 1810 to mark his Golden Jubilee. Like many statues and architectural ornaments erected in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, it was moulded from an artificial stone, which even today shows little sign of weathering. The material is known as coade stone and was invented by a firm of that name at a factory in Lambeth. Exact details of the process are not known even now. This statue of George III was the biggest work in coade stone and stood on a pillar at Dunston near Lincoln until, for security reasons during the war, the pillar was reduced in height and the statue taken down. It belongs to Lincolnshire's local history society and is now being restored and re-erected in the grounds of Lincoln Castle.

'At the moment it is in the stonemasons' yard of the Lincolnshire County Committee, which is the body running the Castle, and DEREK

FRENCH visited it for 'The Eye-witness'. 'It was about fifteen feet high', he said, 'and had been made and fired in one piece, then cut into sections which were assembled with iron tie rods and bolts sheathed in lead. Now it is in more than a hundred broken pieces; some are two to three feet across and weigh a hundred-weight or more, others are fragments of less than an ounce. But even in this damaged condition the pieces give a clear impression of what a striking work this has been. There is a sword hilt more than a foot long; there is the sweeping curve of a great cloak and, on the stonemason's bench, the crowned head about three feet high. It is on this that restoration has started first. For the reassembly work the bigger pieces of the statue are marked and there are joins, made when it was taken down, to work from, but for many of the smaller pieces there is no guide at all: it is like a giant, three-dimensional jigsaw puzzle in stone.

'There is more to a restoration, of course, than simply re-assembling the pieces; parts are missing, like a hand and sceptre that fell off several years ago. With the original coade-stone formula in doubt a substitute material for new parts had to be found and this has been done through experiment by the principal of the Lincoln School of Art'.

Technical Progress in British Industry

R. D. YOUNG on the influences at work

TO have something new, be it a refrigerator, a car, a machine tool, or even a whole factory, is always enticing—either because it is the latest model, or because of what it will save, or simply, perhaps, because it will help to keep up with those go-ahead people the Joneses.

To make progress, to be in the fashion technologically, is as important in industry as it is pleasant at home. To be a step ahead of the fashion is even better and can be very advantageous. A great deal of what industry has and does in this country is right up to date; much of it—for instance, our Atomic Energy and gas turbine production—is impressively ahead of others, but it would be idle to deny that there is much else in industry which, in a variety of ways, is not as modern as it might be.

No Lively Public Interest

One reason, and perhaps the main reason for this is that all of us and particularly our neighbours, whether they work in industry or not, do not yet mind enough about it. Indeed, the general public interest in technical progress in this country is so slight as to amount almost to indifference. At best it lacks that lively interest in the new and impatience with the old that is so potent elsewhere. We tend to regard the American passion for the new as a national idiosyncrasy and we view with some apprehension the thrusting progress of the Russians and Germans. But, whatever our reactions may be, the fact can hardly be denied that these countries, and a number of others with expanding economies, have a pressure of public opinion which is a material factor in their achievement of steadily higher levels of technical progress and standards of living.

I must at once qualify the line I am taking by granting that the Joneses and some of their fashions can play the devil not less in industry than they sometimes do with the family budget. There are always fad and fashion brokers ready to put across a new line or idea which often proves to be a sheer waste of effort and money. The fashion of industrial expansion, too, can be sharply self-defeating, as was the case with some companies which in the boom markets after the war bought their way into industries different from their basic business. As a result, they had not the necessary 'know-how' to run them and had to learn the lesson the hard way.

There is another real danger: the untimely transplanting of processes or methods to different economic climates. I suppose what I saw recently in a Balkan country has happened at times elsewhere: an entire and very modern works—in this case, a steel tube works—without material to feed it or men who could run it.

Another instance of the difficulty of transplanting is the continuous rolling mill, a type of plant which is unsuited to an essentially jobbing market unless it is supported by batch finishing mills, or by a market which has been converted by appropriate commercial procedures to take full advantage of its low costs. This conversion is, in point of fact, beginning to be done in this country, if still rather patchily, in both the ferrous and non-ferrous metal trades.

Difficulties of this kind spring from trying to transplant ideas and processes from one country, where they are the latest thing, to another without a methodical understanding of its market, its material supply and manpower situation. As a result, plant that can lower costs in one market may prove uneconomic in another, and the mistake may not be discovered until others have copied it. Such plants can be a serious tax on a country's resources (not to mention shareholders' patience).

All the same, the risk of occasional immoderate or untimely pursuit of an industrial fashion is small compared to that of conservatism bred of insufficient public interest in technical progress: and, if we are to make the progress we need, a good

part of the higher output can come only from the more intensive use of all resources, new and old. To achieve this, science and its methods must be applied yet more widely; and not just here and there but throughout the many interlinked activities of which the whole body of any economy is today inevitably made up—in transport, shops, banks and other service industries as well as in supply and manufacture. Considerable increase of national output requires not only the adoption of well-chosen new processes and products but also changes to far more scientific methods of management.

This is exactly where fashion and mood can, I suggest, have a crucial influence on technical progress. The points I want to emphasise are, therefore, first, that if these arduous changes are to be tackled (and a start has been made already in places with gratifying results), this must be done increasingly across whole sections of interdependent industries; and, second, that to do this will need the full impetus and support of public opinion as well as of industrial enterprise.

New light has been shed on the whole subject of the application of science in industry by the recent report by Professors C. F. Carter and B. R. Williams called *Industry and Technical Progress**. This report, which was commissioned by the Science and Industry Committee of the British Association and which was made with the support of a strong group of industrial accountants, follows five years of detailed study in industry. Enquiries were made of several hundred firms; 150 company case histories were analysed and the progressiveness, or otherwise, of this large and typical sample of industry was related to their other characteristics such as size, ownership, age and type of manufacture. The financial results of 500 companies were used to show the clear relation between the growth of profits and assets on the one hand and scientific and technological progressiveness on the other.

Whilst being on their guard against assuming every application of science and technology to be good, the authors of the report write in the belief that only by exploiting them fully and fast can our standard of living be raised and relief gained for our over-strained economy. They stress that the increasing use of science is necessary not only for ever-higher output but also to cope with the increasing complexity of demand. A desire to travel at six miles an hour can be satisfied by breeding a horse; to travel at sixty miles an hour needs a train or a car; but to produce an aircraft which will travel at six hundred miles an hour calls for highly co-ordinated and advanced scientific skills of many kinds in research, production, and administration. The same applies to a greater or lesser degree with many other now commonplace things such as nylon, television, soapless detergents, and pharmaceutical products.

Britain Not Backward in Applying Research

Professors Carter and Williams lay emphasis on the now widely canvassed question of educating and training more scientists (and there is no doubt that the intensive publicity of recent years has already created a climate of opinion which is urging radical changes in the standards and aims of our educational system). Their report finds little in the common belief that Britain excels in fundamental research but is backward in applying it. This may surprise some people, as may the author's opinion that there are no serious hindrances to technical progress in, for instance, the excessive jargon of scientists, government interference, high taxation or restrictive practices. They do not deny the existence of these difficulties, but they point out that many companies have been able to surmount them. The report moves on to the conclusion, therefore, that most scientific progress is often in companies whose managements are good in every other way; in production, sales and

costing, and, of course, in staff and labour policies—that is, they have all the normal attributes of a well-run and alert company, and so have learnt how to spot and adopt the ideas and methods of science as part of their normal activity.

Finally, the report warns that, though all countries have some backward industries, there are parts of British industry which show a narrow and parochial approach to scientific methods for which there is no justification and that the worst cases reveal an ignorant complacency which is both alarming and inexcusable.

Professors Carter and Williams' report is on the facts as they found them; a later report is promised on policies likely to stimulate technical progress. Doubtless, one of the things on which they will concentrate attention will be how to help those they describe as 'parochial' to see and keep abreast of the best of contemporary methods—that is, to suggest not only what makes men, and in particular managers, tick, but also what will most help them to tick better.

Inertia and Incentive

This question of incentive (and I do not mean only material incentive) clearly grows in importance as the difficulties in making change themselves mount up. There is plenty of incentive for those working in the 'new' industries—say, on electronics or the rarer metals—for the stimulus of working at something modern and of public interest is evident and powerful. In some of our more traditional industries, too, steady and even drastic improvements are being achieved year by year—usually in firms managed by one of those people who are so made that willy-nilly they get the best out of men and opportunities. But one has to recognise that in a good many other cases the urge to overcome inertia is less strong. To be responsible for the working of an office, a factory, or, more still, a group of factories, when all has for long been going well, can in the less venturesome—or should I say less enterprising?—engender a reluctance to alter what is going well and paying its way; and doubly so if loaded with long order books as so many have been since the war.

Naturally where this reluctance exists (and it may be not only reluctance of management to alter but also of men to accept the alterations), it increases at each level of scale and complexity. Each change at one point, whether of machinery or method, involves other changes at another or, perhaps, many other points. The cumulative inertia to be overcome is probably one of the greatest barriers to technical change and progress. The change in the design of cars, for instance, from the separate chassis to integral construction required not only a mastery of new welding techniques but also a change from simple rolled steel sections for the chassis to high-quality steel sheet which would withstand the severe forming operations for making the integral body shell. Many other changes were involved in consequence, both inside and outside the works concerned; in tooling and assembly, in buying, stockholding, wage systems and after-sales service.

Let me take the case of transport a stage further, to bus design and operation. Weight saving for fuel economy is leading to the use of technically advanced light alloys which are costly to make and to build into the structurally efficient new type of bus frame. The cost of the bus is then such that arrangements must be made to maximise its running time. Only with the full skill of statistical and operational research experts can this be done—to the benefit, one hopes, of road congestion as of bus running costs. Statistical techniques, including those known as queueing theory and linear programming, are themselves typical of the all-important part science can play in making the most efficient use of our industrial resources.

Another illustration of the far-reaching consequences of technical progress is to be seen in the developing use of electronic computers. Computers show signs of becoming powerful tools for management in many different kinds of industry. They may, before long, be available with memories holding tens and even hundreds of millions of coded items of information, all quickly accessible. In them it may be possible to store all—and I mean literally all—the production and commercial data of a factory, of its stocks, customers, orders, plant loading, wages, trading results, and so on. Working to instructions based on statistical methods of the kind I have mentioned, a computer will make rapid and continuous calculations to find how best to group orders

through interlinked processes and how to minimise stocks and waiting time of plant and so to reduce costs. This co-ordination may well, eventually, extend right across integrated groups of factories, say from steel works to motor-cars, or from timber yards to food wrappers.

Continuous calculations and forecasts by a computer may offer quick and sensitive control of whole populations of industrial and commercial activity. The implications for any one plant, as for a whole nation's working capital and productivity, are considerable and may, indeed, be crucial in securing for this country its place in international trade—not to mention the relief from office drudgery and the widening of their horizons of skill which may come to many now in clerical occupations.

But it goes without saying that to make even a part of such a major transformation of industrial methods will involve formidable difficulties. And the reluctance to take the plunge will often be understandable, though a number of companies are well-started on the long-drawn-out preparations for using computers as well as other advanced management techniques.

The bigger companies will no doubt be well able to look after themselves. One large chemical concern for example reported that last year it recruited over 400 qualified scientists and engineers. Well done—for that company. But it is far from clear how to make it possible and worth while for many other companies to want and to get their share of scientists—not in droves but well spread where their skills and ways of thought can add most to the output of existing factories. Yet want them and get them they must.

I mentioned how the pressure of opinion and publicity has already in a short time created widespread demand for a radical change in the educational world. I have tried to sketch both the need for and the difficulties in changing methods and habits in much of industry and I have touched on the reluctance to take the plunge that is, in many cases, bound to exist and even grow. I suspect that parochialism, as Professors Carter and Williams call it, and technical inertia will not yield merely to a whiff of hope of gain, but will need a radical change of mood and a clear sight of the right and necessary thing to do. It will be interesting to see in the next report of the Science and Industry Committee how it thinks a climate of opinion can be created which is not merely favourable to technical progress and the tackling of change, but which positively demands it.

This is a matter for which many people incline to suggest political solutions, hinting at mistaken starting points as the heart of the matter. I, for my part, cannot help thinking that, whether we take the high road or the low road, our arrival will depend most on the horse, his food and the driver. And my bet is that when men and managers, customers and the public (or the public purse) with savings to invest are as critical of backward and restrictive methods as they are today of ill-treatment of animals or a dirty household, then we shall really make progress, and people inside and outside industry will come to see what they gain by minding not about who runs industry, but about how it is run.

—Third Programme

In a Foreign City

You cannot speak for no one knows
Your language. You must try to catch
By glances or by steadfast gaze
The attitude of those you watch.
No conversations can amaze:
Noises may find you but not speech.

Now you have circled silence, stare
With all the subtlety of sight.
Noise may trap ears but eye discerns
How someone on his elbow turns
And in the moon's long exile here
Touches another in the night.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

Memories of Queen Victoria's Jubilees

By LADY STEPHENSON

THIS year is the year of the Queen's Jubilee. Not really? Yes, really'. This doggerel verse was sung by Herbert Campbell and Harry Nichols in the Drury Lane pantomime of 1887. Why has it remained with me all these years? Because, I suppose, no other public event made such a deep impression on my childish imagination. Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee was the first great pageant I had seen and the whole of my world seemed to be caught up in its excitement.

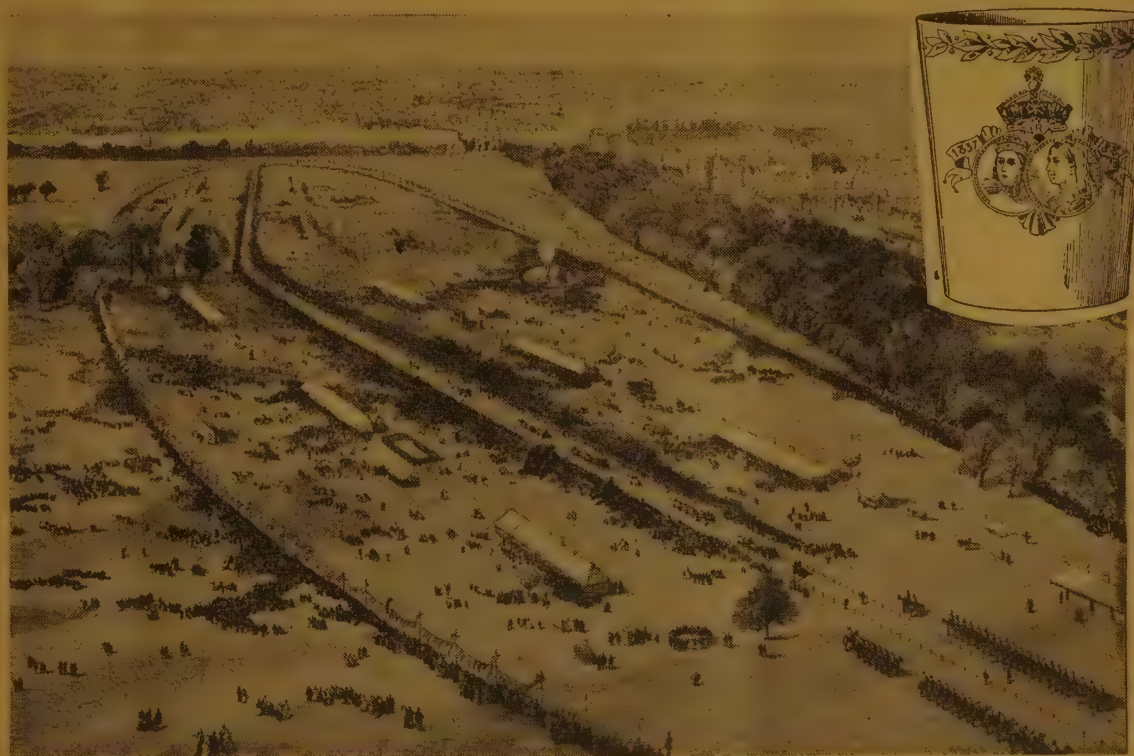
On that hot June day, seventy years ago, my younger sister and I made our way from our home in Westminster to Whitehall Gardens. One of those quiet, elegant houses, long since pulled down, belonged to friends of my parents, and through their garden we made our way to the wall of the Thames Embankment, on which we sat, swinging our black-stockinged legs, awaiting the great procession to Westminster Abbey. Even with our best white party frocks, black stockings were inevitable, prickly woollen ones in winter, cotton in summer, and for best occasions openwork ones — but black they always were. Perched on the wall, we looked down on a surging crowd: I think there were no stands on that day except round the Abbey: but the crowds were small by today's standards and almost entirely confined to Londoners. No cars or coaches brought in sightseers from the country; the Jubilee was celebrated by country people in their own villages.

I can still remember the excitement of the moment when the eight cream-coloured ponies came in sight, and in the heart of the glittering procession we saw the little figure in bonnet and mantle, with no sparkle of jewellery, bowing gravely to right and left—and how the crowds shouted themselves hoarse. It was a glorious procession with the representatives of all the royal houses of Europe. Of them, the most romantic figure was the Crown Prince Frederick of Prussia in a white uniform and gleaming cuirass. The Indian Princes in jewelled magnificence made a pageant of splendour under the June sunshine.

Ten years later in the Diamond Jubilee procession which I saw at closer quarters from a window in Fleet Street, there was the same contrast. The thrilling procession of colonial troops headed by Lord Roberts; the foreign representatives. It was Duke Serge of Russia who was the most spectacular figure this time. I remember the Papal Legate and the little Chinese envoy, a rather strangely assorted pair in one carriage. But the centre of it all again was a little figure in unassuming bonnet and mantle whom the great crowds greeted with thunderous cheers, and, in its literal meaning, heartfelt enthusiasm. Can it have been the same bonnet and mantle that she wore ten years before? Really it looked like it. As I watched on television the dazzling figure

of Queen Elizabeth walking through the Elysée or the galleries of the Louvre in the glitter of her jewels and lovely dresses, in a moment the years rolled back and as a child I was watching the little old lady in her bonnet and mantle drive by: Empress of a far larger Empire and Queen of a far richer England.

London street decorations for the first Jubilee were crude and vulgar compared to the artistry of our own times. For instance, our



Children's Jubilee fête in Hyde Park on June 22, 1887, and (inset) the mug presented to each of them to mark the occasion: from a contemporary drawing in *The Illustrated London News*

house in Great George Street, Westminster, had a large gas-lighted star affixed to it, the heat and stink of which strained our loyalty. The 30,000 children who were entertained in Hyde Park received very ugly mugs, of which I still possess one, with pictures of the Queen in 1837 and 1887 painted on them. But how passionately and uncritically loyal we were. I remember an absurd little illustration of this: at a children's party in my home the magic lantern show ended with a large portrait of Queen Victoria flashed on the screen. To our scandalised horror a small boy and girl stood up and solemnly hissed. They were the son and daughter of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, the novelist, and the little girl was later Lady Trevelyan. So solemnly was this incident viewed, that next day the subdued little pair arrived to apologise to my parents for their outbreak of republicanism.

The women of Great Britain and Ireland subscribed £75,000 for a jubilee gift in 1887: and in her letter of thanks to them the Queen wrote of the 'interesting and never to be forgotten day' of the Jubilee and thanked them for the gift of a 'statue of my beloved husband'. Rumours reached even our loyal school-room that the statue did not meet with much enthusiasm from the subscribers to the gift. Any criticism of the almost legendary figure of the Queen was unthinkable—and Rudyard Kipling's lines about the 'Widow of Windsor' were thought to be in very doubtful taste. I remember a Buckingham Palace garden party in the Diamond Jubilee summer. I saw Rudyard Kipling in a grey frock-coat being summoned to the royal presence, and I

never saw anyone so obviously jittering with nerves. Perhaps he had heard rumours that the Queen was 'not amused'.

I saw the Queen only once again. From the House of Commons launch I watched the barge which brought her body from Osborne to London. I have a vivid memory of the small coffin under the Union Jack; and, as we watched, a shaft of sunlight pierced the winter sky. The Victorian era was at an end. Was it in fact such a comfortable period as we like to picture it?

Let no one imagine, for instance, that there was no servant problem in those days. Old letters are full of it. The *dramatis personae* were different; an under-housemaid would give notice because she was 'put upon' by an upper, while today the one daily 'help' will just not turn up, without notice or excuse. My mother always rang the bell for the butler to tie up a parcel for the post or to put coal from the scuttle on the fire. She would certainly not have known how to boil an egg, while her successor today can competently, if wearily, take on the whole family's cooking.

Much has been said about the appalling conditions in which servants lived in big houses—and indeed I cannot recall without shame the footman's bedroom in my London home, with no ventilation except into a dark passage; or the thought of those patient housemaids climbing the steep stairs with large cans of hot water for our baths. But there was another side to the picture. The household was a large cheerful community of men and women, and the food, in comparison with that of their homes, was plentiful and good. I suddenly realise what inconceivable waste there must have been of that good and plentiful food. In my Westminster home luncheon was always prepared in the dining-room for ten or twelve people, as my numerous relations had a standing invitation to that meal and our house was also very convenient for many in government offices. Sometimes, the dining-room overflowed with guests, equally there were often only two or three. What happened to all the food that was left over? A contemporary of mine once described a little scene which epitomises the dramatic change in our domestic world. She was standing waiting for a bus when a taxi drew up and she and the driver mutually recognised each other. She had last seen him sitting bewigged on the hammer cloth of her father's ducal coach when they were on their way to the opening of Parliament.

Ours was certainly the age of the amateur. Even from childhood we were accustomed to teach in Sunday school. But also many of us were prepared to lecture on or teach every sort of subject, sometimes with the precarious help of the magic lantern. But it never seemed to occur to us, or indeed to our audiences, that any expert knowledge was required.

In those days, most people spent the weekend in London. The great city seemed very quiet when one woke on Sunday morning. Few people had their carriages out on Sunday. The sounds we heard were the church bells and the cry of the watercress sellers and, later, the bell of the muffin man. We went to church at St. Margaret's Westminster—that was a noisy, exciting form of

worship. The church was packed; many stood and some sat along the altar rails, even up the pulpit steps, for the Rector was Canon Farrar, a very popular preacher. One middle aisle was reserved for the House of Commons, and in the front seat sat Mr. Speaker Peel behind the Mace. We sat in the front pew on the other side, and I recall one Sunday when Mr. Gladstone shared our pew. I can see him with his hand behind his ear to catch every word of the preacher's fiery eloquence. Mr. Gladstone was 'Uncle William' to us, for Mrs. Gladstone was our great-aunt; but my father's rooted torism made us rather more ashamed than proud of the relationship. I recall hearing F. T.

Palgrave of *Golden Treasury* fame say: 'When I say the Lord's Prayer I use the Revised Version and say "Deliver us from the Evil One" and I mean Mr. Gladstone'; and even as a child I felt rather startled by such a statement from so benign and Christian a person.

We are accustomed to hear so much now about the decline of religion in England. Indeed the church-going of my childhood would seem incredible today. In most country houses the whole house party would be expected to attend eleven o'clock service on Sunday as a matter of course. I remember one extreme example. When we piled up in the wagonette to set off for church, I found myself in the company of a well-known nonconformist politician and, more strangely still, a Japanese diplomat, I can still see the bewildered look on his polite, oriental features. But there was another side to the picture. From my Westminster home we often went to the Abbey for a weekday evensong. One of the minor canons horrified us by his raucous spitting into his stall, and the behaviour of the choir was slovenly and irreverent. In those days anyone who knelt to pray between the services would have been thought extremely eccentric, and the whole atmosphere was entirely lacking in the reverent beauty which characterises the Abbey today.

We took peace for granted in Victorian England. Rumours of strange people called Fenians, connected with explosions of some kind, penetrated to our nursery. And it was exciting to be prevented from entering Westminster Abbey with any parcel; still more exciting was the evening when Mr. Balfour, the Irish Chief Secretary, dined with us and two detectives had supper in the housekeeper's room. But the volunteers who marched through the street every Saturday evening seemed almost as remote from the reality of war as the German band who played every Friday morning. If I had been asked for a motto for the England of my youth, I think I should have felt none more appropriate than 'Peace with honour'. That phrase has a sour ring about it, I know, for people of a later generation. It is so connected with the humiliation of Munich; but to us, the Victorians, war on any large scale was unthinkable and our national honour equally unassailable—and both peace and honour were symbolised by the proud pageantry of Queen Victoria's two jubilees.—*Home Service*



The Diamond Jubilee: Queen Victoria arriving at St. Paul's Cathedral for a thanksgiving service, on June 22, 1897, as depicted by an artist in *The Illustrated London News*

The Duke of Devonshire has written a foreword to *The LTA Book of The Game*, edited by Max Robertson (Max Parrish, 12s. 6d.)

Portrait of a Great Monk

By BAINBRIDGE COPNALL

ON the day my General Aung San's statue was unveiled I opened the *Rangoon Gazette* to see how it reported the ceremony. I got a surprise. Below the report itself was another little paragraph saying that an English sculptor had been commissioned to make a statue of a great monk, the Venerable Nyaungyan Sayadaw. Sayadaw is a kind of bishop and the Venerable Sayadaw was in fact the Archbishop of Burma, the highest dignitary in the land, who had died the day before. The English sculptor, I was interested to see, was to make drawings at once from the dead body. At the very end was the name of the English sculptor, and it was me. Things have a habit of happening in a curious way in Burma, so a mere two hours later I found the Susana Council on my doorstep. This Council of Burmese Elders had come to conduct me in state to the Great Cave at the Peace Pagoda, about twelve miles out of Rangoon, to discuss my new commission.

The Great Cave was not what you or I would call a cave at all: it was a vast mound of concrete shaped to look like rock, the inside being more like a rather impressive, but bare looking hall. On the floor, long, plaited bamboo mats were spread, and on them sat the most wonderful array of shaven-headed monks; they sat in a circle, cross-legged, in their bright saffron-coloured robes: and every now and then, with much preliminary noise they would make use of the big blue spittoons that each had beside him. I sat down, rather shy and uncomfortable, in their midst. I was not able to understand all the Burmese talk, but after some time I was asked in perfect English if I would make the statue. I said I would, but asked whether I could not only prepare but make it in Burma so as to give some encouragement to future Burmese sculptors in the art of portrait sculpture.

The meeting then closed and I was taken to a small bamboo hut nearby. It was much like all the huts used by Burmese peasants but apparently the deceased Sayadaw had lived in this one for most of his life. He was lying on a strange type of couch, which was draped in white and gold hangings and covered with a canopy of interlaced streamers; a small marble Buddha stood on a ledge behind him. I brought out my chalk and started drawing his head. This sketching of a dead man was at first rather a shock but as there were other things going on I soon took the idea of drawing a dead High Priest as a matter of course. The doctors were busy disembowelling the corpse and injecting the veins with honey for the purpose of embalming, the idea being to keep his body lying in state until my statue was ready to take his place; but the heat became too great and he had to be cremated.

I was to show my drawing about three days later at the funeral service. The mourning crowds were dense. I was first taken to the President of Burma, who was sitting by the bamboo hut with the Prime Minister and the Cabinet. They were waiting to follow the funeral carriage in procession to the Great Cave, where the Sayadaw was to lie in state. There and then I had to hold up my large drawing and show it to hundreds of people; you can imagine my embarrassment, especially as I was the only European present. After a few minutes a decorated car arrived; it was

towed through the lanes of people by long lines of yellow-robed monks and shaved nuns dressed in robes of glowing apricot. The car itself was built in the form of a blue-and-white silvered shrine with about six tiers. On the lowest tier lay the saffron-covered body of the Sayadaw in a glass casket lined with white silk. The cortege started off, closely followed by the President, the Prime Minister, and the Cabinet. I walked in my stocking feet next to the new Chief Justice of Burma. The loud banging of drums and the blowing of conch shells and horns carried us on our way. A few moments later the whole procession stopped; the carriage, it

seemed, was too high to pass under the telegraph wires stretching across the road. So we all stood for a long time watching some men saw off the decorations of the mobile shrine; at last the whole tower fell with a crash into the crowd, leaving the casket containing the body to proceed.

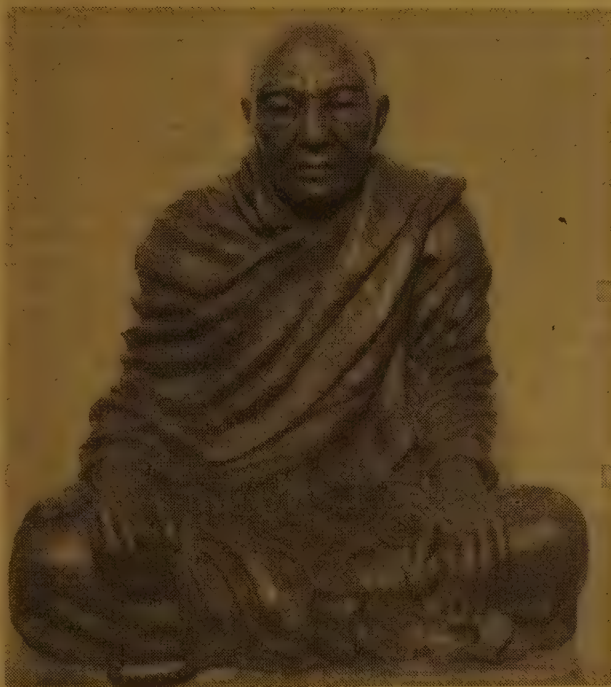
The service at the Great Cave was most impressive, the colour almost unbelievable. Thousands of monks and people of all ranks in their multi-coloured robes sat silently gazing at their dead archbishop.

Nyaungyan Sayadaw had been the greatest Buddhist scholar and preacher, the most beloved of all Buddha's followers, President of the great conference of all Buddhists throughout the world. He was to sit in bronze, with benevolence written all over his face, attired in a simple robe, with his beads in his right hand, destined forever to be presiding over his fellow preachers and monks. The figure was to be about one and a half times life size. From the drawings I had done I made a small sketch model, using also as my

model the Sayadaw's first cousin; he was himself a most important preacher and somewhat resembled the Sayadaw. The Susana Council then came in a body to my house. Eventually they approved the model; but it took a long time as there were about thirty-seven of them, who all had different ideas about the shape of the Sayadaw's mouth, and, even on such a small scale, they discussed every possibility of change and the smallest inflection of form. Now, I had to make the support or armature for a big clay model—the one that was to be used for the final bronze casting. This clay model took me about three months.

Then followed the first hitch. Plaster that I needed for making a mould of the clay was suddenly absolutely unobtainable in Rangoon. So I decided to cut out the plaster stage and model straight in wax. Both the plaster casting and the wax positive that goes inside it are usually done by the bronze casters, not by the sculptor himself. The method I used was to press soft wax into the clay model. I had to keep on heating the wax to make it malleable and soft enough to work—you can imagine the heat, the burnt fingers, and the humid atmosphere all wrapped into one. When this was at last finished I had yet another visit from the Council; again they approved the likeness and I was allowed to carry on with the moulding and casting of the figure in bronze.

Now a new hitch appeared. Try as I would, I could not get any foundry or moulders in Rangoon to take on the work. This was absurd as there were many moulders and several foundries in Rangoon. It took me two and a half months to find a foundry,



Mr. Copnall's second bronze of the Venerable Nyaungyan Sayadaw, which was placed in the Great Cave at the Peace Pagoda, Rangoon

and then I succeeded only because in desperation I approached the Government and the Susana Council for help. They at last obtained two moulders for me; they had to come specially from Mandalay and were very expensive.

To make a mould, you must have a certain type of sand; mixed with cow manure, paddy husks and water, the sand forms a paste which can be smeared over the wax, layer by layer, and dried. I was told that I would have to send to England, India, or Ceylon for the sand. Instead I searched Rangoon and discovered plenty of it almost everywhere that excavations were being made. The next item was the bronze itself. By now I was prepared for trouble and, sure enough, bronze turned out to be another raw material in short supply. In the end I found an Indian who managed to collect quantities of scrap bronze for me. This we could melt and turn into a good-coloured bronze—we even used a large number of discarded plaques, left over by the Imperial War Graves Commission.

When the mould was finished it had to be ferried across the broad Irrawaddy river to the government dockyard foundry at Dalla. The seven-foot mould was very cumbersome by now. I was terrified to see it dangling from the ropes of a crane over the seething water. The next day, and for several days, the mould was heated to drive out the wax from between the clay and sand; this left a cavity into which the molten bronze was to be poured.

My wife and I went over to Dalla to see the great event and found a crowd gathered in the foundry to witness the birth of the new Sayadaw. All seemed normal, the logs were crackling and the bronze was at last said to be ready. The founders poured it into a large crucible, and carried it white hot, dazzling with a blinding light, to the mould. We all retreated to a safe distance and the pouring began; a violent explosion followed at once—a hail of molten bronze showered all over the foundry, Burmese workmen tore for safety, bubbling metal swam round the figure. Through all the confusion the men intrepidly stuck to their job and kept on pouring. It was terrifying. At last—silence and complete consternation; six months' work was ruined, and about £800 of my money had disappeared into thin air. The statue was a sad sight—hands, nose, eyes missing and holes all over the body, but this we discovered only the next day when the mould was knocked away. We found that the moulders had not done

their job properly: the mould had not been sufficiently dried; the vents, or channels, through which the gases should escape had not been allowed for, or had they been deliberately choked?

What could I do? It had been part of my contract that the mould was to be cast at my own risk, and therefore my responsibility, so I decided that the only thing was to do it again, starting from scratch. I sweated day and night to get the work done in time for the Jaynati celebrations, and, believe me, it was hot. The labourers in the foundry were wonderful, they seemed sorry for me, and they did their utmost to gain merit with the Lord Buddha. Many Burmese insisted on touching the work. This time I remained present throughout. I made a core of cinders with proper vents, and then modelled the figure once more, first in sand and cow manure, and then in wax. When I had finished, over by boat came the Council. They had no criticism this time. I suppose I must have known the old Sayadaw with my eyes shut. We bought some new bronze, the wax was drawn off, the mould properly dried under a mountain of burning wood. Great excitement in Dalla, the foundry again packed. The bronze was molten and ready, and the pouring began: a perfect pour, no explosions, and no bubbling metal. At last, when I was satisfied that all was right, the mould was removed and it was found that there was not a single flaw. I felt somewhat the satisfaction of Benvenuto Cellini. Now I could deliver the statue to the Great Cave.

I shall never forget the journey, through Rangoon, past the golden pagodas, the teeming villages and bazaars, and the placid lakes, and at last the entrance into the vast assembly hall coloured in pale egg-shell blue with its tall golden-capped columns. The statue was gently lowered upon a golden throne at one end of the hall and covered with a saffron robe to wait for the unveiling.

The unveiling ceremony was almost indescribable, a vast ocean of monks from Ceylon, India, Thailand, Indonesia, and Burma dressed in their robes seated in tiers above the people, looking down on the rulers of Burma, on the foreign diplomats, the nuns, and all the most religious people in the land. The Chief Monk of Ceylon, dressed in a pale silken robe, entered, supported by his Sayadaws. As he stood in front of the statue, the conch shells and the drums sounded. The cord was pulled—the saffron robe slithered to the ground, and the statue, lit by two powerful searchlights, gleamed in golden bronze.—*Home Service*

Freud, Marx, and Responsibility—II

Destiny and Determinism

By RICHARD PETERS

IN my last talk* I described a contemporary malaise which shows itself in the denial of responsibility based on half-digested theories about the causes of actions and standards. I suggested that people think that to produce a cause for an action is also to excuse it. The 'mixed-up kid', for instance, thinks that if he can trace his behaviour back to his childhood, he has also shown that he cannot help doing what he does. I claimed that this sort of belief usually has poor grounds, but that, like many half-truths, it may exert a profound influence upon the minds of men. For if people believe they are not responsible for their actions, they tend in fact to become less responsible for them. I also suggested that this belief is connected in people's minds with the speculations of Freud and Marx, and that some of their doctrines about determinism may have encouraged it.

A good example of such a doctrine is Marx's celebrated remark that 'When a society has discovered the natural law that determines its own movement . . . it can neither overleap the natural phases of its evolution nor shuffle out of them by a stroke of the pen'. All it can do, he says, is to 'shorten or lessen the birth-pangs'. Societies, as it were, run on rails. They cannot avoid the buffers of destiny: they can only accelerate or decrease their speed towards them. Capitalism, for instance, must collapse, says Marx, for there is a definite pattern in the affairs of men, an economic reality beneath the social appearances. The decisions of men, their laws, and political institutions, are but corks bobbing

on the inexorable tide of technological advance. A man like Marx, who studies the economic trends of a society, does not just predict what is likely to happen under specified conditions; he claims to prophesy what *must* happen. He can disclose a society's destiny.

Marx was led to this strange view partly because he was a determinist—like many nineteenth-century thinkers—and confused two quite distinct beliefs under the general heading of 'determinism'. The first is the belief that all events—including human actions—have causes; the second, that if events have causes, they must also be unavoidable. I do not wish to dwell on the first belief, though I am prepared to say that I do not think that, in the case of typically human actions involving reason and deliberation—granted that they have causes—that a knowledge of their causes alone is sufficient to explain them. My concern is rather with the second belief—the alleged coincidence between causal explicability and unavoidability. This belief was due, to a certain extent, to the climate of opinion in the seventeenth-century days of the rise of science. The development of causal theories went hand in hand with the Calvinistic doctrine of predestination and the metaphysical picture of the world as a vast clock. The scientist, in developing his causal theories, revealed either the details of God's plan for his puppets, or the springs and levers which pushed men willy-nilly towards their destiny.

Marx inherited these metaphysical assumptions, though he clothed them in nineteenth-century trappings. Historical evolu-

tion, working according to the trinitarian pattern of the dialectic—thesis, antithesis, and synthesis—took the place for him of Divine Providence. The springs and levers appeared in the form of the productive forces of the underlying economic engine which drives men towards their destiny. Marx enriched our understanding of history by his stress on the economic causes of change. But in his theory the huddling together of causal explicability and unavoidability under the umbrella of determinism persisted. And it still persists. Yet if you tell a man that his actions have causes, he will say: 'Yes, of course'. But if you tell him that his actions are causally determined, he will picture himself as a prisoner of Fate. He will not usually chide you for verbal redundancy.

Prisoners of Their Own Past

Freud's concept of determinism was not influenced so much by a belief in destiny. He spoke of psychic determinism frequently; but mainly in order to stress that all actions—even those usually ascribed to chance or accident—in fact have some of their causes in the mind of the individual. And he made some brilliant speculations about the nature of some of these causes—unconscious wishes, for instance, which can be traced back to childhood. But he did tend to speak of these causes as mechanical pushes and pulls, as forces in the depth of the unconscious which impel a man, willy-nilly, to behave in a bizarre manner. The impression of unavoidability was conveyed, therefore, not because men were pictured as puppets dangling in the meshes of an unwinding historical pattern, but because they were prisoners of their own past.

There was little novelty in the suggestion that the child is the father of the man. But Wordsworth meant it as a compliment. Freud's suggestions, on the other hand, were far from flattering to man's self-esteem and feeling of security. They had an effect rather like Darwin's supposed claim that man is descended from the apes. For Freud taught that the child, with all his insistent wishes and fears, lives on in man's unconscious mind. Can a man be master of his fate if he is at the mercy of the child within him? Small wonder that many who were influenced by Freud pictured the growing boy building a prison-house for the adult.

These pictures of destiny and of the prison-house derived from Marx and Freud have had a subtle effect on notions of responsibility. For one of the grounds which exonerate a man from responsibility is the plea that he is the victim of compulsion. The usual cases are those of gross physical compulsion or, for example, where a man is forced to do something at the point of a pistol. The irresistible impulse is an extension of such cases. But the talk of economic forces beneath the social appearances, of wishes and impulses in the depths of the unconscious, suggested an indefinite extension of the concept of acting under compulsion. Could not men always be acting under a different, but equally irresistible sort of compulsion?

As a matter of fact, they sometimes are. And this is what makes so plausible the prisoner-of-the-past picture so often conveyed by determinism. For example, a man under post-hypnotic suggestion will generally do, when he wakes, what the hypnotist told him to do in his trance. He cannot be dissuaded or side-tracked by any rational arguments; indeed he will cook up all sorts of excuses for doing the most absurd things; he will truly act as if there is something in him which compels him to act in this way. In such cases it is reasonable to say that a man is not responsible for what he does. This is a model case of unavoidability. And it so happens, in this case, that we also know a cause of the man's behaviour.

But confusion enters in when this case is taken as being in any way typical, when the suggestion is made that there is compulsion simply whenever we know *some* of the causes, or that there is a necessary coincidence between causal explicability and unavoidability. This is surely absurd. We know that this is a case of compulsion because the man behaves so oddly when we try to get him to do something else, not because we know the causes of his behaviour. Very often, indeed, we speak of 'compulsives'—people who have an obsession about washing their hands or hoarding things, for instance—when we know nothing of the causes of their behaviour. The confusion in this story of causes comes from the failure to distinguish causes in general from causes which have effects which seem unavoidable in a limited range of circumstances. If a child lacks a mother's care, or changes its

mother, for instance, at a certain stage in its development, it is claimed that it will later prove not just socially unreliable but unavoidably so—incapable of forming any lasting attachments. All the usual devices for changing character will be useless. Such a person will indeed be a victim of his upbringing—or lack of it.

Freud, as is well known, developed a theory of character-traits in which he traced back traits like orderliness, parsimony, pedantry, and petulance to reactions to toilet training. Similarly sarcasm, scepticism, optimism, and so on, have been connected with reactions to weaning. But it has never been shown that such rather surprising causes of character always have unavoidable effects. Indeed, a person's character consists largely of those traits which the experience of generations of parents and school-teachers has found to be alterable. A boy is blamed or punished for his laziness, cowardice, selfishness, and dishonesty because it is believed—and with some justification—that praise and blame change his conduct. But his stupidity and lack of vitality receive different treatment. These are things that he really cannot help. We cannot alter them much by praise and blame, reward and punishment. The production of causes for such traits is irrelevant to the issue of responsibility unless the causes produced are of the sort which lead to unavoidable effects.

Once it is realised that only some, not all, causes count as extenuating circumstances the position with regard to responsibility looks very different. For now the 'mixed-up kid' can only appeal to social conditions or the dark corners of his childhood to exonerate him, if—and only if—there is good evidence to suppose that the causes to which he appeals are not simply causes but also causes of the compelling kind. And as psychologists have in fact produced very little evidence about such causes, we would do well to look back not just in anger but with a discriminating empirical eye. Perhaps we might even look forward as well, and replace useless indignation by a more practical frame of mind. Perhaps we shall then see that Freud and Marx have in fact increased rather than diminished our responsibility. For there is less scope for the plea of ignorance to exonerate ourselves. There was a time when a parent could cheerfully lash a child with his tongue or belt, convinced that it was for the child's good; when a politician could regard social revolutions as acts of God; and when a man could regard stomach ulcers, headaches, and asthma as freaks of nature. But the time of such non-culpable ignorance is passing. And those who know enough about the causes of such phenomena to explain them frequently also know the sort of thing to do in order to put them right.

This is what makes nonsense of Marx's picture of the pattern of historical evolution. For by revealing the economic causes of social change he also revealed the points at which intervention could be effective to alter its course. Had the *laissez-faire* system of the middle of the nineteenth century persisted, there might well have been the collapse of capitalism which Marx prophesied. But those who developed the state as an instrument for intervening in economic affairs had learnt a good deal from Marx. His causal analysis had opened their eyes to the points at which there must be state intervention if his prophecies were to prove false. So there is a sense in which his prophecies were factors in preventing from happening what he prophesied would happen.

No 'Universal Get-out'

Marx, as a matter of fact, was—understandably—rather perplexed about the role of the intellectual *élite* who understood the way things were going. He did not think that they could alter the course of social change—only shorten and soften the agony. Societies must die like other organisms. A social scientist was as helpless to prevent death as a doctor. Freud, on the other hand, made no such concessions to a belief in destiny. He dealt with real patients, not with hypothetical organisms. In his practical work as an analyst he assumed that some people could be cured. But, in his view, the individual himself had to do most of the work. And a necessary condition of such a change was that the individual should come to understand the causes of his behaviour. For only by doing so could he come to control it. Freud's aim as an analyst was to get people to stand on their own feet and to take more responsibility for their own lives, and not to escape it on pretexts dug out of their childhood reminiscences. The last thing he intended was to provide a universal get-out.—*Home Service*

NEWS DIARY

June 26-July 2

Wednesday, June 26

Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference opens at 10 Downing Street and the international situation is discussed

President Eisenhower states that American scientists should be able in a few years to produce a hydrogen bomb without radioactive fall-out

T.U.C. makes statement about the future of the *Daily Herald*

Thursday, June 27

The Medical Research Council publishes its findings on the relationship between tobacco smoking and lung cancer

An inquiry into allegations concerning the professional conduct of a London barrister opens at Lincoln's Inn

The Prime Minister and Mr. Butler meet the leaders of the Labour and Liberal Parties to discuss the question of telephone tapping

Friday, June 28

Commonwealth Prime Ministers discuss relations with Russia and the situation in the Middle and Far East

Mr. Dulles reaffirms United States policy on China

Prime Minister appoints a committee of Privy Councillors to consider question of telephone tapping

Saturday, June 29

Temperatures reach nineties in the south of England; London has its hottest day for ten years

Ten Italians are killed in a climbing accident in the Swiss Alps

Sunday, June 30

The International Geophysical Year opens at midnight

Two Britons acquitted in the Cairo spy trial return home

Monday, July 1

Railway freight charges to be increased by ten per cent, owing to increases in working costs

President of Union of Mineworkers in speech at Torquay discusses question of Hungarians working in pits

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother leaves by air for visit to Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland

Tuesday, July 2

Board of Trade announces that import controls on a large number of raw materials used by industry are to be abolished

National Union of Mineworkers to make a claim for shorter hours

British Railways' claim to increase fares is considered by Transport Tribunal

Royal Show opens at Norwich



A general view of the Dunkirk Memorial which was unveiled on June 29 by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother. The memorial commemorates the 4,700 soldiers who failed to return when the British Expeditionary Force was withdrawn and who have no known grave. The central shrine and stone columns bear the names of the dead



Wrecked homes in Cameron, Louisiana, after the hurricane 'Audrey' swept through the fishing village causing vast damage last week. Over 200 persons are known to have been killed, but unofficial estimates have put the figures considerably higher. Communications were severely damaged and rescue work was only possible by boat and helicopter. Afterwards the village was declared to be 'uninhabitable' and efforts were concentrated on finding shelter and food for the homeless and preventing disease. The village had a population of 6,000, and is believed to have been virtually destroyed except for the church

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H. the Duke of Edinburgh photographed during their inspection of the sea clipper, which is now open to the public in dry dock at Greenwich



ching the Wimbledon Lawn Tennis Championships on June 29 in extremely hot weather



The Queen photographed with the Prime Ministers and other Ministers who attended the Commonwealth Conference which opened in London on June 26. The photograph shows (left to right) Mr. John Diefenbaker (Prime Minister of Canada), Mr. Harold Macmillan, Mr. R. G. Menzies (Prime Minister of Australia), Mr. E. H. Louw (Minister of External Affairs, South Africa), Mr. Suhrawardy (Prime Minister of Pakistan), Mr. Nehru (Prime Minister of India), Sir Roy Welensky (Prime Minister of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland), Dr. Nkrumah (Prime Minister of Ghana), Mr. T. L. Macdonald (Minister of External Affairs, New Zealand), and Mr. M. W. H. de Silva (Minister of Justice, Ceylon)



A photograph of the big new radio telescope now nearly completed for the University of Manchester at Jodrell Bank, Cheshire. It is 250 feet in diameter and weighs 2,000 tons and is said to be the largest radio telescope in the world

Left: Children on board H.M.S. *Aberford*, a naval escort vessel, where they were invited last week to look at H.M.S. *Sprat*, one of the Navy's midget submarines

C. K. Ogden: Inventor of Basic English

By LANCE SIEVEKING

CHARLES KAY OGDEN, who died last March in London at the age of sixty-seven, discovered that anything necessary to everyday existence may be said simply and clearly with a vocabulary of only 850 English words. Ogden is known in thirty different countries as the originator of Basic English. But he was so many other things as well. True, he was a man of immense erudition, with a world-wide reputation as an original thinker in the fields of linguistics, psychology, sociology, and philosophy, and he devoted a great deal of time to the establishment of a new science that he called 'orthology', concerned with the influence of words and symbols on thought, and in international affairs, and argument.

I am not qualified to speak of his attainments in these fields. But I appreciated and enjoyed to the full the many other sides of his extraordinary personality.

I remember, for instance, listening to him giving an imitation of Dean Inge as that rather gloomy public figure might have sounded singing a comic song. The result was madly funny, and the effect was considerably heightened by the fact that Ogden was singing through an oriental mask. It was startling suddenly to recall that this man had reviewed the fourteenth edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. It was said at the time that it was hard to think of any other man who could have done it, not only so comprehensively but also with such wit—except possibly his friend, Bertrand Russell.

His wit came into everything. His passion for accuracy and for avoiding exaggeration led him to make statements of this sort: 'Mr. Ogden's researches on word-magic and de-babelization have also taken him frequently to the continent and to America; and besides spending one night in India he has represented Cambridge University at billiards'. Once he gave a schoolgirl daughter of an old friend a set of books, in the first of which he wrote: 'Consider the mountain top; it hums not neither does it spin'.

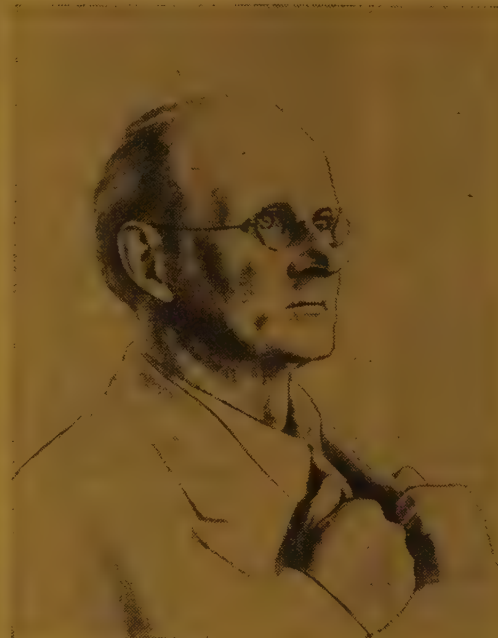
I met Ogden (or 'Og', as I called him for nearly forty years) in the summer of 1919. The war was over; I had just been demobilised, and come up to Cambridge. He invited me to come and see him one evening.

I turned out of crowded Petty Cury into a dark courtyard, pushed open a door on the left, and went up a great many bare wooden stairs past doors with all sorts of name plates on them. At the very top of the building I was faced by a door on the right of which was a hat-rack, on which hung two tiny hats, a bowler and a straw hat. They were far too small for any human head, let alone Ogden's which was rather on the big side. I paused, and observed that as the rack was over the well of the staircase, any attempt to reach it would probably result in breaking one's neck. However, at Cambridge nobody wore hats. There was a sort of window as well, through which I was faced by that celebrated poster of Lord Kitchener pointing straight at you with 'Your King and

Country Need You' written underneath.

Ogden's thin, precise, but very gay voice called me to come in. He and several other people were sitting on the floor. Among them were a number of plates and saucers full of all sorts of many coloured sweets, nuts and bananas, and broken packets of chocolate. On a gas ring beyond them a kettle was boiling. There was tea and cocoa.

Og was of middle height with a largish nose,



C. K. Ogden: from a drawing by James Wood
By courtesy of the executors of the late Mr. C. K. Ogden

rather sunken twinkling eyes, and a high broad domed forehead. He had rather sparse, very fair, silky hair which he parted on the right and brushed back. He wore enormous steel or silver rimmed spectacles on this occasion, but later on they were always that rimless kind which produces a special sort of effect on a face. He was wearing a light blue suit of a shade I have never seen anywhere else, square-toed brown suede shoes, and I noticed that the collar of his flannel shirt was many sizes too large: he could have put his whole hand inside it. He was smoking a herbal cigarette. I tried one. It tasted exactly like dandelions.

They were talking about an article on Freud that had appeared in Ogden's paper, *The Cambridge Magazine*, which he had founded before the war. Ogden's precise tones broke in. 'There are four and a half good reasons for studying psychology seriously, but a great many more for studying it *not so* seriously', he said. 'For instance, to detect failings in our friends, or discover new wonders in our offspring; to write more telling advertisements, or resist being taken in by them'.

In his own inimitable way he threw out streams of ideas that caught at one's imagination, and I remember noticing two characteristic phrases which always, for the rest of his life,

kept on occurring in his talk. One was 'in some form', and the other was 'or some such remark'. He might have said: 'We "want to know what we are", or some such remark. We want to get at it in some form'. And he would go on to point out that physics and physiology could not give us the whole story, ending, with a twinkle, but neither could conchology nor ontology. But psychology, the newest of the sciences, could.

An evening or two later at a meeting of a very uninhibited debating society he had founded called 'The Heretics', I heard that there had been efforts during the war that had just ended to get the *Cambridge Magazine* suppressed. It had regularly quoted extracts from the German press which did not appear in any other English journal and seemed to indicate that there were Germans who did not want to go on fighting. This and other aspects of the magazine led to the accusation that it was a pacifist organ, and when I heard this I realised that the Kitchener poster was only one of Og's very private jokes.

A day or two later he suggested that a popular university magazine called *The New Cambridge* should be bought, and that I should edit it with a perfectly free hand—or nearly so. Friends of his would provide the money, but he must never be mentioned in connection with the matter. Indeed I have never mentioned it until this moment. He was very fond of arranging mysteries, as I was later to discover. I acquired *The New Cambridge* in my own name for about £200 and later actually sold it at a small profit! Every now and then Ogden would make a contribution under an assumed name, one of which was 'Adeline Moore'.

I am convinced, in spite of all that has been said about him, that he did not love mystery for its own sake; and he certainly did not love knowledge for its own sake, but for what good it could do. He was curiously like Francis Bacon in all sort of ways. Bacon was one of the most original thinkers who ever lived. He foresaw among other things, in 1629, the coming of broadcasting, which he described in *The New Atlantis*. Ogden's interest in many diverse subjects, his chess player's approach to life, his use of secrecy, all remind one of Bacon.

Ogden may remain one of those enigmatic figures who pass strangely across the pages of history. The extent of his influence on the world may never be fully assessed. I am even unable fully to assess the extent of his influence on me. I know that several years later I was one of the people whom he manoeuvred into the newly formed British Broadcasting Company, whose immense possibilities he foresaw, some of which, alas, have not even yet been realised.

Ogden had a passion for order above all things. He could not bear waste, humbug, inaccuracy, misunderstanding. Here is an example of extreme misunderstanding. In a translation from English into Chinese there occurred a phrase which, when translated back into English, would be 'invisible lunatic': the original Eng-

lish had been 'out of sight, out of mind'.

Many ardent reformers do not seem to like people very much. Ogden liked people a lot. He devoted his life to work that was for the good of the human race, but I remember thinking that, misquoting Lovelace, he could have said to humanity at large: 'I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not order more'.

His love of order lay behind his tireless research to produce a language of 850 words in which, after a week or two's study, a Japanese, a West African and a Finn could easily understand each other. But he insisted on remaining always in the background. He detested the type of publicity-seeking individual who would do nothing without saying 'Look at me! Look at me!' This led to one of his pieces of behaviour which puzzled a great many people. Immediately after Mr. Churchill had announced in 1943 that a committee of Ministers had been set up to consider Basic English and whether it could become the second language of the world, *Picture Post* published an interview that Ogden had given at his Orthological Institute in Gordon Square. This interview, together with the photographs, is one of the oddest things I have ever seen. As far as the text goes it is utterly con-

vincing; being written entirely in Basic English it has a lucid clarity and was read by many people without realising that it was not in wider English.

It began by pointing out that English is now the natural language or language of government of more than 650,000,000 persons, and that it should be possible for another 600,000,000 to give a few weeks to learning 850 words which would make them free to go anywhere and say anything. This would help to do away with much misunderstanding and be a step towards the abolition of war. So far, so good. But his hatred of personal publicity was such that he could not resist apparently mocking himself. One of the photographs shows him coming into a room full of books, musical boxes, and whatnot with an overcoat and hat on, and a funny mask! The caption underneath reads: 'The strange figure in the Orthological Institute: is it Mr. Churchill discovering Basic English?'

Odd memories of all sorts crowd in upon me as I think of Og: his knowledge of good wine; his unbreakable gramophone records that could roll up; his anti-noise campaign; his campaign in connection with Henry Ford's

Peace Ship; his sudden activity in the theatre world shown by his anxiety that a comic American play called 'Is Zat So?' should be a financial success; the occasion on which the embalmed remains of Jeremy Bentham at University College, were given at Ogden's suggestion a new set of underclothes; the time I nearly got him elected to the Royal Air Force Club; finding him on the Cap d'Antibes seated happily while a group of beautiful young girls, clad only in little silk tunics, danced round him—the pupils of his friend Margaret Morris; and of listening to him declaiming the poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins up a resounding stone staircase.

But I remember him best, I think, standing on the doorstep of the Orthological Institute in Gordon Square, at three o'clock in the morning, still talking entertainingly at full spate, as a sleepy guest reluctantly dragged himself away. Ogden was immensely gregarious, but I believe that all his life he was lonely.

I hope I have not been exaggerating. Og hated exaggeration. Of one thing I am certain: that if six other people now proceeded to talk about him, their accounts of him would all be different from each other, and from mine.—*Home Service*

Gardening

Caring for Roses and Strawberries in July

By P. J. THROWER

ROSES, in spite of the dry weather and greenfly, have been and still are good, and if we give them proper care during this month they will flower well again next month and into the autumn. The first thing that must be done is to cut off the flowers as they begin to fade, cutting back to a bud or shoot further down the stem; this will encourage the bud or shoot, whichever the case may be, to grow and flower later on.

Next, some fertiliser will help them, and there is nothing better than those fertilisers sold specially for roses; these have been made up by experts and will contain the nitrogen and phosphate in proportions suitable for roses. A tablespoon can be sprinkled round each bush at least six inches away from the stem and it can then be stirred in with the hoe. If you can water it in so much the better, the roses will get the benefit of it that much quicker. If you do spray them for greenfly during the next few weeks, add one of the fungicides to the spray to help prevent mildew.

The fruit crop seems to vary a good deal in different districts but apples and pears generally appear to be good. On many of the trees thinning will be necessary, and this applies to peaches and apricots too. I know you will not like pulling the fruit off now, but unless you do they will not be very big and it does not give the trees a fair chance. Those that are clustered together thin out, so that those remaining are a few inches apart. Peaches should be thinned so that they are ten or twelve inches apart.

The strawberries are producing their runners, and there is the job of layering if you want young plants for planting out next month, or should you wish to have early strawberries in pots next year. A question often asked is: 'Is it worth growing strawberries in pots?' If you

have a greenhouse, whether heated or not, I would say 'Yes'. It is so nice to have your own few early strawberries when they are fetching as much as 6s. or 7s. in the shops.

They are not difficult to grow in pots—in fact I would say it is easy. The earliest runners are the ones to select for this, and they must be from healthy plants only. To layer those from disease-infected plants is just a waste of time. Select the runners from those plants with healthy green foliage and those which have produced some good fruit. If you have the slightest doubt about the cleanliness of your own plants then it will be far better to order now some young plants from a reliable nurseryman and make sure they are from stocks which have been certified by the Ministry of Agriculture as being free from virus disease. When you receive the young plants, if they have not been layered into pots, then they can be potted into small pots, and they will soon get established. When layering your own it is far better to layer them into pots whether you intend to grow them on in pots or plant them out. Select the best five or six runners from each healthy plant and cut off all the remainder.

Pots three or three-and-a-half inches in diameter are plenty big enough for layering, and these can be filled with soil; a good potting soil such as the John Innes potting compost is the best. This can be pressed firmly into the pots. If you plunge the pots into the soil between the plants it will save a good deal of time watering because they will not dry so quickly as those just stood on the surface. Plunge them in groups of ten or twelve, according to the number of runners there are on the plants on either side. Pieces of wire bent to the shape of a hairpin and no larger are the best means of fastening the runners to the soil in the pots.

Place the bent wire over the runner immediately behind the young plant and press it firmly into the pot, fastening one plant on to each pot.

From some of the young plants an extension runner will grow. These should be pinched off because the plants must be encouraged to put all their energy into building up a large plant with a good crown which will provide next year's fruit, and, by the way, there will in some cases no doubt be more than one plant on each runner: it is not wise to take more than one from each, choose the best and cut the others off. Give the pots a good watering, and from then on they must not be allowed to get dry.

By early August the young plants will be well rooted in the pots, and the runners can be cut from the parent plant. After a few days select the best plants for potting into larger pots; these should be six or six-and-a-half inches in diameter and the soil for potting is the John Innes potting compost No. 2. The soil must be rammed in hard round the young plants, using a pot rammer, a piece of wood about the thickness of a broom handle, and when the potting is finished the surface of the soil should be about an inch from the top of the pot, this allows enough room for water to soak the soil in the pot right through to the bottom. The plants do not need to be taken inside, they can stand along the side of the garden path. There is no need to take them in until the middle of January, but during the rest of the summer and autumn they must be watered whenever the soil shows signs of drying.

Those for planting outside should be planted before the end of August to allow time for them to get established before the winter begins and they will then produce quite a reasonable crop of fruit next year.

—From a talk in the Midland Home Service

Art

Paintings from Hampshire

By MICHAEL JAFFÉ

FEW works of art since Antiquity can have been won on the actual field of battle. Nevertheless one which certainly has been hangs now in the exhibition at Agnew's of European pictures loaned from Hampshire houses; a candlelight piece by Matthias Stomer. This 'St. Cecilia and an Angel' was looted from the Spanish Royal Collection by Joseph Bonaparte; and it was recaptured in his coach at Vittoria by the First Duke of Wellington, to whom subsequently Ferdinand VII of Spain presented it. But, quite apart from being a Wellington heirloom with a romantic history, such a beautiful picture would have found its place in an exhibition where artistic quality has been maintained as the prime consideration for selection.

Of works in Hampshire less sensationally acquired, Mr. Geoffrey Agnew has chosen sixty-three other easel-pictures that range in date from the fifteenth to the early twentieth centuries: a fragment of fresco attributed to Ambrogio Lorenzetti; and an Eyckian miniature of sparkling fancy and minute observation allied, the 'St. George and the Dragon', which was shown last summer by its native light of Bruges. Two years ago the organisers of the exhibition at Winchester (later at the Southampton Art Gallery), 'Pictures from Hampshire Houses', assumed that 'in any exhibition in England which is assembled on a strictly local basis, English pictures, and especially English portraits, will inevitably be the backbone of the show'. And fully half of their ninety-odd exhibits were in fact portraits. But different assumptions of scope can be made, at least where Hampshire is concerned, since the county still holds within its boundaries a great part of the Baring collections, to name no others. And so Mr. Agnew, to the exclusion of all English pictures, has made his choice from those European works at present settled in this one county, in order to 'represent what English collectors wished to live with in their houses, quite apart from what they acquired as family records'. In consequence he has included comparatively few portraits of any kind: the early Rembrandt of 'The Artist's Father'; a portrait by Aelbert Cuyp, which commands more admiration than affection, of 'A Man in Black', sometimes thought to be himself; the handsome Duplessis of 'Comte D'Angiviller'; a boy's portrait by the younger Tom Ring (reproduced on our cover)—the only German picture in the show—which almost touches Scorel for quality and feeling; a lively little girl with a parrot by Cornelius de Vos; an intriguing triple

portrait by Ludovico Lana; and two head studies, the admirably full-blooded 'Pope Benedict XIV' by Mengs, and the baby daughters of Charles I (reproduced below) so lightly but firmly sketched by Van Dyck in preparation for the group of the five Stuart children at Windsor.

The chief glory of the exhibition, as one might expect, is the array of those Dutch landscapes and seascapes that are perennially sooth-

Baroccio; and an extremely pretty 'Mystic Marriage of St. Catherine' accepted by Dr. Waagen a century ago as by Parmigianino, indeed 'one of the most beautiful pictures I know by the Master', but perhaps by Girolamo Mazzola Bedoli.

Two representatives of the recurrent fashion for French eighteenth-century painting are particularly pleasing: the agreeably unsporting sporting picture by Oudry of a cock pheasant scuttling to avoid a pointer from which he is separated by no more than the airiest of plants; and, no less light-hearted, the *grisaille* by Boucher of 'Jupiter and Callisto' on which the strokes of paint fly about like lingerie ribbons in a boudoir. When it comes to the Swiss School, the late eighteenth- and mid-twentieth-century penchant in England for Fuseli is marked by a pair of small roundels illustrating 'A Winter's Tale'. These are on a scale and in a form where his decadence is delightful and witty; salon shivers, instead of the monstrous shudders of his large gallery pieces.

This excellent exhibition is revealing in several ways. First it brings to light two oil sketches by Rubens, fine works of the early sixteen-thirties, 'Justice' and 'Abundance'. Removal of discoloured varnish would show them to be bouquets of beautiful colour.

Secondly, it shows the gaps in the Hampshire collections as they stand at present. There are, as Mr. Agnew observes in his catalogue introduction, no Spanish pictures to show. The Duke of Wellington keeps his in London. The Murillos, for example, which Waagen saw in the Baring Collection, are presumably sold. Whereas it is understandable that there are no longer great Quattrocento pictures in private ownership—Lord Northbrook surrendered the Mantegna 'Agony in the Garden' to the national collection in 1894—it is sad to see that the three painters who so much affected sensibility in eighteenth-century England—Claude, Gaspard, and Salvator—can be represented in Hampshire today only by a not especially inspiring example of the last. The marvellous late Claude which Waagen saw at Lord Northbrook's has gone to the Ashmolean. Thirdly, it shows how vigorously Hampshire people are still collecting. Quite half the exhibits came to their county only in this century, thirty being acquired by the present owners. Of these, eight are late nineteenth- and early twentieth-century French pictures, which include the magnificent Degas of 'An Actress in her Dressing-Room', studying herself in the glass by gaslight, a picture which Sickert would have died to paint.



'Princess Elizabeth (1635-1650) and Princess Anne (1637-1640)', by Sir Anthony Van Dyck: from the exhibition of 'European Pictures from an English County' at Thomas Agnew's, 43 Old Bond Street, London

ing to English eyes. There is nothing left in Holland to rival, for example, the two great Cuyps. Of superlative quality also is the Philip de Koninck 'Town at the Mouth of a River', where from his customarily high viewpoint the beauty of flat landscape is diversified with hills to unusually romantic effect. And anyone might envy the gratification of the poetical taste of Thomas Baring in collecting Jacob Ruisdael's 'Castle of Brederode' and Van de Cappel's 'Calm Sea with Shipping'.

The unbroken popularity of Venetian *vedute* in England since the days of Consul Smith is amply demonstrated, by five Canalettos and three Guardi; and there is no more perfect Guardi than 'The Arcade of the Doge's Palace'. But of earlier Venetian pictures only the tiny *poesia* by Tintoretto, 'Diana and her Nymphs Bathing', gives unalloyed pleasure. The Tintoretto 'Pietà' is a damaged picture, and the version of Titian's 'Venus and Adonis', although its present appearance is misleading, can never have been brought far towards completion by the master himself. Amongst other Italian paintings of special interest there is a good Magnasco; a most attractive North Italian picture called 'Painting Inspired by Genius', bearing a totally implausible attribution to

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Contemporary Malaise

Sir,—

The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Because of the extenuating circumstances of madness, Mr. Richard Peters apparently would exonerate the dog. But he would deal more severely with the perfectly rational 'mixed-up kid', who is not mixed-up at all, and the angry young men (who perhaps are not even angry!). Let them accept that they are the victims of their social beliefs, and their imaginary social ills will disappear.

Intentionally or unintentionally, this is what Mr. Richard Peters implies in his talk, 'The Contemporary Malaise' (THE LISTENER, June 27). It would be reassuring if things were as simple as that; but, alas, they are not. He tacitly admits this in his illustration of the man who became grasping, unfriendly, and suspicious because people treated him as if he were. Note that the change in the man was a result of the *treatment* he received from his fellow-men, not of the beliefs they entertained. However, it would be interesting to know why the word went round that he was grasping, unfriendly, and suspicious, and why people believed it.

No one will dispute the fact that our beliefs influence our conduct; but it is also true that our character determines our beliefs. As a simple example, a worker or trade unionist may fervently believe in the rightness of a forty-hour week; but if he were an employer he would believe in a forty-eight-hour week with equal fervour. The case is not that he is an employer because he believes in a forty-eight-hour week, but that he believes in a forty-eight-hour week because he is an employer. In other words, what a man believes has less to do with truths and half-truths, etc., than with his conditioned behaviour. Instead of social beliefs fathering social realities, it is social realities that father social beliefs.

I agree with Mr. Richard Peters that there is a widespread misunderstanding today about the doctrines of Sigmund Freud and Karl Marx. But I cannot agree that our social malaise is a product of this misunderstanding. Even if there had never been a Freud, the mixed-up kids and angry young men would still be there, for theirs is an emotional rather than an intellectual confusion. What is more, they would certainly have made a Freud (just as surely as the Russian revolutionaries would have invented a Marx, if there had not been a ready-made one to hand); for they need a scapegoat to make the emotional stress less intolerable. On the other hand, if we had not a social malaise, the doctrines of Freud and Marx would be as seldom heard of as their ghosts are seen.

There are other points on which I disagree with Mr. Richard Peters, but it is not my intention to include these in this letter.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.11

FEDERICO CLARK

The Teacher of Righteousness

Sir,—Dr. Cecil Roth in his talk, 'The Teacher of Righteousness' (THE LISTENER, June 27), has added nothing to his laurels as a competent historian in proposing the identification of the Teacher of Righteousness of the Dead Sea Scrolls with the Jewish revolutionary leader Menahem son of Judas of Galilee.

Because Josephus calls Menahem a sophist that does not make him a religious teacher. There is nothing in any of the scrolls material which even remotely suggests that the Teacher of Righteousness was a militant messianic king, the role in which Menahem appears.

All Dr. Roth's other 'evidences' are obtained by ignoring everything in the scrolls that tells against his hypothesis. He attempts to identify someone called Absalom. But the Habakkuk Commentary only refers to a 'house of Absalom' as the Damascus Document does to a 'house of Peleg'. It is characteristics which are being described, not individuals called Absalom and Peleg.

Dr. Roth suggests that the references to 'the lion of anger' should be applied to another of the Zealot leaders, John of Gishcala. But the chief scroll fragment concerned, the Nahum Commentary, makes it clear that a foreign ruler of the type of Antiochus Epiphanes is intended.

In my book *Secrets of the Dead Sea Scrolls* I showed what a long tradition attaches to the figure of a Teacher of Righteousness and to the New Covenant sect. Both the historical and spiritual requirements are in no way satisfied by the new theory, which as Dr. Roth admits is 'suspiciously' plausible. Almost every point he makes can be shown to be wide of the mark. We still do not know who really was the Teacher of Righteousness of the scrolls.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.6

HUGH J. SCHONFIELD

Sir,—Dr. Cecil Roth presents a plausible case (similar to Professor G. R. Driver's) for Menahem, martyred in 66 B.C., as the Teacher of Righteousness in the Habakkuk Commentary.

A particularly interesting view is that two sects could not have existed in Qumran and Masada about A.D. 70 who had a martyred teacher killed in the autumn, and another figure associated with him under the name Absalom. But Dr. Roth glosses over the following important items of evidence:

(1) The Commentary says that 'the house of Absalom'—probably a figurative expression—'and the men of their party . . . kept silence at the chastisement of the teacher . . . and did not help him against the man of the lie, who rejected the law in the midst of their whole congregation'. By contrast, Absalom in Josephus *Bell. Jud.* 2.448 (Loeb) is Menahem's most ardent supporter, and Eleazar, son of the High Priest Ananias, had been the first to instigate the revolt against Rome.

(2) Eleazar is merely Captain of the Temple, and although his father had just been murdered we are not told that he in turn became High Priest. The military situation was already so confused that he would have been compelled to assert his authority by force; which is what he did.

(3) It is possible to interpret the Commentary so as to demonstrate that the Wicked Priest was in league with the Kittim; and much which the Commentary tells us of the Priest's subsequent misfortunes cannot be paralleled in the case of this Eleazar.

(4) Identification of the Kittim with the Romans depends on the interpretation of Commentary on Habakkuk 1.11, on the fact that *we* do not have evidence of Greek standard-worship, and on Yigael Yadin's interpretation of the completely independent *Wars* document. I say 'independent' because the fact that it belongs to the literature of the sect does not prove it to belong to the same period as the Commentary. Incidentally, the foes referred to in *Wars* seem to suggest a date not much later than Pompey's conquest in 64-3 B.C. and possibly earlier.

(5) Rabbinic evidence testifies to the growth of many sects in Judaism up to A.D. 70; and there is evidence from Josephus and elsewhere which makes it hard to dissociate the Essenes from the Qumran Community. We know that there was more than one variety of Essenes; we also know that there were Essenes in the neighbourhood of the Dead Sea, and that they sometimes carried arms. We also know that Judaea is a tiny country; and there is nothing improbable in the existence check by jowl of two similar sects—especially since there is no guarantee that the martyr in each instance had the same kind of relationships with a person or group designated by the name Absalom.

(6) Every sect with a specific teaching must have had its *sophistai*, doctors or teachers, and this must be allowed some weight against the admittedly suggestive fact that both Menahem and his father Judas were *sophistai*.

(7) The Zadokite Fragments demand serious consideration of an exile of the Teacher to Damascus or some other spot after the incident in the Temple referred to by Dr. Roth; and also demand serious consideration of a chronology which would enable one to argue that the Qumran community were Chasidim of the early Maccabean period. Justice was not done to this theory in his talk.

These remarks are not intended to refute Dr. Roth's suggestions, which in many ways, like Professor Driver's variation of them, are most attractive; but it is important to show that he did not deal with some vital pieces of contrary evidence.

Yours, etc.,

Manse of Closeburn, JAMES C. G. GRIEG
Dumfriesshire

Sir,—A belated correction by telephone was responsible for a very slight but misleading mis-

print in your report of my broadcast on The Teacher of Righteousness. What I intended to say was that the 'House of Absalom' failed to support the Teacher, instead (*not* 'instead of') maintaining silence. I have indeed only now come to realise the importance of the phrase 'House of Absalom', suggesting that Absalom himself was no longer on the scene. It is a reasonable deduction that he was killed early in the disturbances in Jerusalem in the autumn of A.D. 66, his followers thereafter holding themselves aloof from the disputes. Thus, in yet another point, the Dead Sea literature dovetails neatly with Josephus' account of events in this year.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford

CECIL ROTH

Morals and the Sceptic

Sir,—I agree with Mr. Christopher Dawson that to suggest that the story of Moses was a pragmatist myth invented by the Jews to justify their moral prejudices would be very superficial and unhistorical. I attributed this view to what I called 'the benighted agnostic', and I should have thought that the adjective 'benighted' would have been sufficient to indicate that it was not my own view.

Since the Jews received the Law from Moses on their exodus from Egypt, a high civilisation at that date, it is difficult to suppose that they were in need of instruction in the elements of social behaviour. But lest that be thought speculative, we have the fact that not only modern Jewish scholars but ancient rabbis have always held that the Law of Moses, in the sense of *Torah* or the unwritten law, was known to the Patriarchs and to Adam.

In fact they hold that the Law was from eternity an integral part of the architectural plans of Creation. Moses was not called upon to reveal it, but to confirm it. And it would not be irreverent to suspect that Moses took with him up to Sinai the draft of a whole Leviticus of Laws and found, perhaps to his dismay, that they were knocked down to ten.

My sin against Plato, which Mr. Dawson also mentions, I repented last week in reply to Sir Richard Livingstone.

I am glad to hear from Mr. Ideson that practising Christians are conspicuously absent from the dock of his court of summary jurisdiction. I hoped, however, that in my talk I had made plain a distinction between practising Christians who are deeply affected by their faith and pro-

fessing Christians who merely pay lip service to it. And what I said about the effect of religious belief on the latter class is not, I think, disturbed by Mr. Ideson's testimony.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

BERTRAM HENSON

Must Western Science Decline?

Sir,—Perhaps I may be allowed to amplify a little the ideas expressed very briefly in my previous letter and to give Mr. Brown one or two explicit examples.

Faraday, using his imaginary lines or tubes of force which he found to be a powerful aid in understanding the nature of electrical and magnetic fields, had, by his experimental discoveries, laid the foundation of the science of electro-magnetism. But it required a mathematical genius like Maxwell to correlate Faraday's experimental work and to give it its proper mathematical setting, the famous Maxwell equations, the 'form' of which suggested to Maxwell a new physical concept, the electro-magnetic wave. Some years later Hertz, motivated by Maxwell's predictions, demonstrated experimentally the existence of these waves. No doubt Mr. Brown would place the electro-magnetic wave in the same category as the photon, a meaningless concept, 'something vibrating in nothing', and yet we are all aware of the 'effects' of these waves every time we listen to the radio. Kelvin, busy trying to construct a mechanical model of the electro-magnetic field in terms of patterns of stress and strain set up in a hypothetical aether, failed to recognise that a great revolution had begun, the replacement of mechanical models by mathematical functional relationships, evidence of the success of which we have before us.

Again, the idea of 'sequences of cause and effect', with its implication of an absolute time scale, has been largely replaced in physics by the more neutral relationship of 'functional dependence' giving communicability of knowledge. The fundamental necessity of correlating the measurements of different observers moving with velocities relative to one another into a communicable body of knowledge gave rise to the Lorentz transformation and the theory of relativity with its interlocking of space and time. The laws of physics must be independent of local conditions, otherwise each observer would be constructing his own 'local physics', and physics would degenerate into a set of conflicting individual opinions. I therefore see relativity as a logical necessity without which

physics, as a systematised body of communicable laws, would cease to exist.

Putting aside this logical necessity, the reality of the consequences of relativity physics are respected by practising physicists. To take just one example, in designing the synchro-cyclotron for the generation of high energy atomic particles, physicists had to take into account the variation of mass with velocity in accordance with Einstein's equation.—Yours, etc.,

Bridgend

D. M. G. REES

The Englishman's House—I

Sir,—In his Third Programme talk published in THE LISTENER of June 13, Mr. W. G. Hoskins referred to the unique character of the Chester Rows. One explanation of these colonnaded ways at first-floor level was given a century ago by George Borrow. In chapter III of *Wild Wales* he writes:

All the best shops in Chester are to be found in the rows. These rows, to which you ascend by stairs up narrow passages, were originally built for the security of the wares of the principal merchants against the Welsh. Should the mountaineers break into the town, as they frequently did, they might rifle some of the common shops, where their booty would be slight, but those which contained the more costly articles would be beyond their reach; for at the first alarm the doors of the passages, up which the stairs led, would be closed, and all access to the upper streets cut off, from the open arches of which missiles of all kinds, kept ready for such occasions, could be discharged upon the intruders, who would be soon glad to beat a retreat.

Yours, etc.,

Woking

G. R. WOODWARD

Historical Fashions

Sir,—Now that I too have discovered the source of Mr. A. J. P. Taylor's strange and strangely repeated assertion that Mr. Pares, Sir Lewis Namier and I have 'exhorted' men not to have 'ideas and ideals', I have re-read my supposed exhortation (THE LISTENER, December 10, 1953). What I there argued was that wholesale 'utopian' radical ideologies, like those of Rousseau and Marx, are not the only or the best way of meeting social needs. It may be that Mr. Taylor recognises no 'ideas or ideals' except revolutionary ideologies; but he should not, in a serious work, judge the thought of others by this crude simplification.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

A Struggle for Freedom

(continued from page 7)

violence was one of reprobation and horror. It can be seen in the declarations of the Catholic bishops and their clergy, in the resolutions of local government bodies. But there was another reaction, and that was fear, and mixed with this was something of the traditional soft feeling for rebels. The men who fired at the police were hardly ever brought to trial, because witnesses would not give evidence. The few early militants were almost totally immune from arrest, and they were joined by a growing number of others. As killing followed killing, the pace accelerating all the time, the first shock of public dismay was dulled. Killing became commonplace and, therefore, less reprehensible.

Thus Ireland drifted—and I stress the word—into its war. The Government inevitably used its military forces to try to stamp out what it regarded as a campaign of murder and outrage. The Volunteer leaders shed their earlier scruples. Well-organised attacks by strong groups of

ambushers were made on military parties. Many of the people, though hardly a majority, supported the Republican fighters, sometimes out of sympathy, sometimes out of fear.

I do not need to take this further. My concern is to try to show that an armed revolution can be brought about unintentionally, in a sense. I read Mrs. Bromage's book with great interest. She has much to say of the years of which I am speaking, and she tells us many interesting things about Mr. de Valera during those years. But I was sorry that she did not probe into the social discontents. I think she would have done well to question whether the Irish problem was simply one of subject-state versus oppressor. It is the way of the world to over-simplify complex historical happenings, and the picture of a small nation fighting imperialism has a sort of moral appeal. But we are likely to have a wrong picture if we ignore social influences. Mrs. Bromage gives us plenty of information about political

happenings, but this is not enough. It is not enough for her to postulate Ireland as a small nation struggling for its freedom. Possibly it is only in the face of unbearable tyranny that a community will feel something like a spontaneous revolutionary ardour. This was not the case in the Ireland of the early 'twenties.

And what happened in the Ireland of the early 'twenties is not merely of academic interest. A rebel tradition does not die in the night. And it can be fostered by the mere shadow of national grievance—especially when the ancient wrong continues to have the same background of social discontent, the chronic unemployment, the emigration, the low standard of living. Then, when a few militants blow up buildings and bridges, and especially if some of them lose their lives, personal sympathies become easily confused with national sentiment. There are instructive parallels between what is happening in Ireland today and those events of thirty-five years ago.

—Third Programme

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Boswell in Search of a Wife (1766-1769). Edited by F. Brady and F. A. Pottle. Heinemann. 30s.

THE SAGA OF BOSWELL continues to issue from Yale and London, losing as it advances nothing in entertainment, vivacity, and human interest. The reader is led on and on with affectionate amusement as Boswell reveals every motion of his thought and being with startling vividness and candour. It looks simple, this kind of personal confession: but the plain, unbuttoned style is deceptive. So readily are we on terms with this reflection of Boswell that we forget the art and discipline that went to its making, and the immense patience, curiosity and even complexity that are part of his nature.

The book is not altogether aptly named. The comedy of Boswell's adventures toward matrimony never reached again so high a peak as his encounter with the incomparable but 'termagant' Zélide; and though she was not finally discarded as a candidate until April 1768 on the old score that her 'superior talents' would threaten his marital supremacy, the absorbing episode (with the letters) must be read elsewhere. Yet there is indeed 'God's plenty' of women without Zélide, apart, of course, from such figures as his dark-favoured mistress Mrs. Dodds, the Circe of Moffat (not lightly put aside and the mother of his daughter Sally), that rapidly dethroned symbol of innocence the gardener's daughter (did not Tennyson admire another?), and the unnamed wenches he embraced when drunk to repent bitterly when sobriety and severe disorders followed. Should the fortunate bride be Miss Bosville of Yorkshire or the unidentified Miss B., heiress and beautiful, or Catherine Blair another heiress (his 'Princess' and the object of long, extravagant manoeuvres) or Mary Ann Boyd, just sixteen, 'the finest creature that ever was formed' whom he intended to pursue in Ireland? By tremendous good fortune it was none of these, but his devoted (almost portionless) cousin Margaret Montgomerie of Lainshaw whose letters show what depth of affection he could inspire in one who knew all his faults, and whose charming picture is the attractive frontispiece to this book, and reproduced in colour on the dust-wrapper. Boswell never acted more wisely.

But his marriage is far from being the only theme in the book. His father's marriage, perhaps on the same day as his own, gave him great offence, and relations between them were grievously strained, a breach illustrated here from many sides. Beside the journals of the period we have a multitude of contemporary letters (including those to and from his sovereign friend Temple), memoranda, articles from the *London Chronicle* advertising himself, and extracts from the MS. *Life* of Johnson that differs considerably from the version long known. The volume, almost prodigal of new material, shows a Boswell triumphant, at the height of his powers and, almost, of his influence. The *Corsica*, published in February 1768, first made his name as a writer and was to give him a European reputation. How he exploited, in his fashion, this new importance is amply illustrated; and his fashion included the comical appearance as an armed Corsican chief at Stratford for Garrick's Shakespeare Jubilee of 1769. Two visits to London gave him magnificent material for the *Life*. He had also become of increasing consequence at the Scottish bar, partly by his own industry and partly as the son of his father. By hard work and accurate

timing he took a notable part in the notorious Douglas cause and wrote copiously and usefully in favour of Archibald Douglas against the Hamilton claimants. These are merely the highlights in a well-contrived miscellany remarkable for its sustained human interest.

This is the fifth volume of the reading or 'trade' edition of Boswell's Papers. That accounts for the wide choice of material included. It is presented with modern spelling, normalised punctuation and valuable 'annotation of a popular cast'. Mr. Brady's introduction is helpful and perceptive but has no grace of style to recommend it. The volume is illustrated (particularly welcome is a plan of Edinburgh in 1765), excellently produced and well-indexed. It is high time, though, that the parallel series, the promised so-called 'research' edition, edited with more regard to accepted scholarly practice, should begin to appear.

The Collected Poems of Norman Cameron. Hogarth. 15s.

The Sense of Movement.

By Thom Gunn. Faber. 10s. 6d.

The late Norman Cameron's poems (he died in 1953 aged forty-eight) form what may properly be called a slim volume: the part-time life-work of a scholarly amateur of the muse, a fastidious eccentric like his fellow-Scot Norman Douglas. The variety, in a mere forty-eight pages, is considerable: a powerful sonnet, 'Fight with a Spirit', like a medieval ghost-story, a piece of rich Fletcherian blank verse (all feminine endings), 'The Wanton's Death', the experiment in alliteration called 'Steep Stone Steps'. The moral fables, like 'Public-House Confidence' ('I'll tell you how I hold a soft job down'), have that rare quality, serious wit. There are also one or two anecdotes, like 'Black Takes White', which are reminiscent of Mr. Graves, who contributes an introductory memoir with some charmingly thirtyish letters of Cameron. The two men have themes and attitudes in common: antiquarian tastes, geography and history, the classics, love, a dislike of frills and rhetoric. Cameron's personal humour finds its voice best, perhaps, in the lines 'For the Fly Leaf of a School-Book', and his personal struggle with creation in the lines 'All things ill done':

All things ill done, and quitted hopefully
As islands no more visited—the sea
That washes round that archipelago
Must somewhere have another shore . . .

The best of his work (a pity there was so little of it) was mind-felt as well as heart-felt: under the smooth surface, there are depths of meaning. Lovers of poetry should not miss this book.

The Sense of Movement is Mr. Gunn's second volume, and he seems all set for a fluent and articulate career in the modern manner:

I put this pen to paper and my verse
Imposes form upon my fault described
So that my fault is worse—

he cries confidently (putting his deeper meanings on the surface for fear they should be overlooked). He has the full set of contemporary equipment: philosophy *à la mode* ('Only my being there is different'), motor-bikes, women (the best poem in the book is called 'First Meeting with a Possible Mother-in-Law'), toughs (joke on page 30), Elvis Presley (but isn't 'he turns revolt into a style' a too easy Empsonian echo?), with a fashionable dash of religion. His best lines are nearly all without concreteness,

e.g., 'I realise that love is an arranging', and when he writes about moonlight we do not really believe in it. In short, a 'poet of considerable accomplishment': but comfortable, facile, self-limiting. Mr. Gunn should perhaps read what reviewers were saying in the 'twenties about Humbert Wolfe (no comparison intended). Readers must make what they can of the fact that both these volumes are recommended by the Poetry Book Society.

The Tichborne Claimant. By Douglas Woodruff. Hollis and Carter. 30s.
The Claimant. By Michael Gilbert.

Constable. 18s. 6d.

The Tichborne case, the most famous of all Victorian trials, has already been the subject of several books, notably those by J. B. Atlay and Lord Maugham, but both authors were concerned primarily with the civil trial and dealt only incidentally with the criminal prosecution that followed. The whole tortuous story of both trials has now been lucidly told by Mr. Woodruff in a book, a miracle of diligent scholarship, exciting to read and remarkable for its detachment. Mr. Gilbert has written a much slighter book, but it would be unfair to compare it unfavourably with Mr. Woodruff's, since his aim is merely to give an outline of the trials, and it will serve as a useful substitute for those lacking either the time or endurance to tackle Mr. Woodruff's monumental work.

By the middle of the last century the ancient Tichborne family was running short of male heirs. The succession to the baronetcy eventually passed to James Tichborne who had two sons, Roger and Alfred, Roger was presumed drowned at sea in 1859 and three years later Alfred succeeded to the title. Within four years Alfred himself was dead, leaving a posthumous heir to succeed him. Roger's mother, an eccentric Frenchwoman, remained unconvinced of the death of her eldest son, and in 1863, fortified by a visit to a Paris clairvoyant, who assured her that Roger was safe on a South Sea island and that she would see him within three years, she began to advertise for news of him. Her faith seemed justified for in February 1866 she received a letter from Australia informing her that Roger had been saved from the shipwreck and was alive and well. On Christmas Day 1866 the Claimant arrived in England and after a brief sojourn slipped over to Paris to see his mother. She recognised him with rapturous delight. The Tichborne case had begun.

His mother's recognition was followed by that of the family doctor, old servants, neighbours, and brother officers. The rest of his relatives refused to recognise him as the missing Roger. Five years of wrangling and recrimination followed and on May 10, 1871, the Claimant brought an action for the restoration of his title and estates. The civil action lasted for nine months, at the end of which he was non-suited, and brought to trial for perjury. The criminal trial took even longer, and at the end of ten months he was sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment. In 1884 the Claimant was released from prison, and apart from a newspaper confession, made for financial reasons and later retracted, maintained his claim until his death in 1898.

The case aroused the strongest passions and raised issues far wider than the legal claim to real property. It concentrated the discontent of the newly enfranchised working classes on a

particular issue and they became the Claimant's strongest supporters against what they conceived his unjust treatment by the monied classes. 'I don't care whether he is Roger Tichborne or Arthur Orton', was *Punch's* caption. 'I don't like to see a poor man done out of his rights'. It epitomised the favourite Victorian fantasy of the long-lost heir coming into great possessions, and removed it from the realm of the footlights and the novel plot into the reality of the law courts. It roused the zeal of the propertied in defence of their possessions. If this rascally adventurer succeeded, whose estates would be safe?

Was the Claimant the long-lost Sir Roger as his supporters maintained, or was he Arthur Orton, the Wapping butcher, as asserted by the Crown? To set against his mother's recognition was his patent illiteracy, his ignorance of his religion, of his school Stonyhurst, of the regiment in which he served. There was his fantastic suggestion that he had seduced his first cousin, by then a respectably married woman. There was his mysterious visit to Wapping, shortly after his arrival in England, when, swathed in a muffler, he made extensive enquiries about the Orton family. On the other hand, his case was never adequately presented owing to lack of funds. The Tichbornes spent £92,000 to rebut his claims, but the Claimant had nothing like this sum at his disposal, and had to content himself with a half-crazed, second-rate counsel, who had never fully mastered his brief.

'The Claimant failed to make good his claim and he deserved to fail', concludes Mr. Woodruff. 'A man should not expect to be able to come back from the dead surrounded with lies and prevarications and concealments'. The Crown, nevertheless, failed to prove that he was Arthur Orton and the author maintains that a fairer outcome would have been no estates, but no penal servitude, the Crown as well as the Claimant non-suited, its case not proven. Yet the mystery remains as to the real identity of the Claimant. Was he Arthur Orton? Was he Thomas Castro? Was he possibly an illegitimate offshoot of the Tichbornes who had been shipped off to Australia to avoid bringing dishonour on the family name? Mr. Woodruff is not dogmatic: all the evidence is in his book; the reader must go through it and find the answer for himself.

Is Peace Possible? By Kathleen Lonsdale. Penguin Special. 2s. 6d.

Professor Lonsdale's notable achievements as a woman and a scientist secure respectful attention for her opinions on the most important question of the day—the preservation of peace. It is becoming generally understood that a major war with hydrogen bombs would probably destroy the participants and cripple civilisation. The radioactivity produced would increase the amount of congenital diseases, especially mental disorders, and would ultimately threaten the survival of life itself. It is therefore necessary in today's situation for every responsible person to do what he or she can to prevent such a catastrophe. Professor Lonsdale speaks as a Quaker, the mother of three children, who gained her education through scholarships, became a professor of chemistry and one of the first two women to be elected a fellow of the Royal Society. Her book reflects her experience and qualities. She gives first place in it to the dedication of a Quaker to peace, based on a personal spiritual conviction and inner light. She discusses scientific aspects of the effects of nuclear war with the competence of the accomplished scientist, and she devotes a good deal of attention to the causes of war. She regards rapid growth of population as one of the most serious,

and concludes that 'security can only be found, if at all, in a world without injustices'. She supports her views throughout with facts and close logical argument, and even some elementary mathematics.

Professor Lonsdale says, however, that though she is 'a convinced pacifist', she finds it 'very hard to convince other people'. This is perhaps her most crucial remark. Why has she found it so difficult? The character of her book may throw some light on this. There is a kind of complacency in it, as if the author, from a position of moral superiority, were, more in sorrow than in anger, throwing facts and logic at the reader. Her treatment is full of knowledge and ability but lacks persuasiveness. Peace is an affair of both the emotions and the intellect, and not of the intellect alone. It is necessary to awaken people's good emotions and find the solvent which will enable them to act together to ensure peace. Professor Lonsdale has made a noble contribution to the struggle for peace, but equally great efforts along other and different lines are also required for a successful result.

The Birds of the London Area since 1900 By the London Natural History Society. Collins. 30s.

Bird-watching is sometimes regarded as a dilettante pursuit, as harmless a way of passing the time as any. But the enthusiast who can appreciate the charm of birds knows that it is an amply rewarding occupation in itself, even if he has no interest in 'records' or the publication of his observations. This book, however, shows what can result from making bird-watching a serious study, and what a fascinating story the pooled observations of a large team of watchers can build up. The London Natural History Society has made a valuable contribution to scientific ornithology and compiled a volume of the greatest interest to all naturalists.

The birds of the London area were studied by only a few ornithologists in the early years of this century, but between the wars an increasing number of naturalists came to realise the unexpected richness of the bird fauna of the area, and began to record their observations systematically. Since the last war the number of bird watchers in London has grown enormously, so that now there are more bird watchers within the radius of twenty miles of St. Paul's than in any other part of the country. The work of a large number of this devoted band has been organised and correlated by the London Natural History Society, a special committee of which has crystallised the essence of it in this book. The result is remarkable—the more so when one remembers that most of these naturalists are able to devote only their spare time to the pursuit of ornithology, for few of them are professional zoologists and the majority earn their livings in other walks of life.

The first third of the book is of outstanding interest: it is a detailed description of the different types of 'country' within the area, and of the birds that inhabit them. It will come as a surprise to many to learn what a great variety of apparently unpromising places in densely built-up districts afford shelter and feeding grounds for birds. Part one, in effect, is a careful ecological survey of the greater London area, and gives a fascinating account of the changing environment in and around the largest aggregation of human beings in the world. It is often difficult, owing to the lack of early records, to determine exactly how the status of some species of birds has changed during the last fifty years; the precise information gathered by numerous observers that is available today can often be compared with only scattered observations and rather vague general impressions left

by the earlier workers. Many birds that were once thought to be rare stragglers are now known to be regular visitors to the area, and some of the most interesting are those, such as the black redstart and the little ringed plover, which are entirely new as regular British breeding birds. A valuable chapter deals with the roosts and fly-lines of some species that gather in considerable numbers for roosting. The best known to the general reader is the starling, and the history of the roosts and the routes along which the flocks assemble at the central points are discussed in some detail. The communal roosts of such species as the house sparrow, carrion crow, wood pigeon, and pied wagtail are less generally known but equally interesting.

The second part of the book is a systematic list of all the species that inhabit, or are known to have inhabited, the area. It follows the usual lines of such lists, but the information it gives is much fuller than usual, and whenever necessary the entry under a single species extends to a considerable essay. This admirable book, which is well illustrated with photographic plates, will be a source of delight and inspiration to naturalists far beyond the London area. All who are interested in changes in animal life, distribution, and habits will quarry in it for years ahead.

The Second Part of King Henry VI Edited by Andrew S. Cairncross. King Henry VIII Edited by R. A. Foakes. Methuen. 21s. each.

The inimitable Bard was in fact so imitable or imitative at each end of his playwriting progress that we are still arguing about whether or not his first and last kings were wholly his. This, to everyone but Shakespearian scholars, is a bore. But as the tolerably civil war sways back and forth from one edition to the next we begin to see that there is more to it than a faded laurel or so on the Stratford bust. If these contrasting Henrys are of multiple or even joint poetic parentage it is hopeless to delve for designs more subtle than those of the old chronicles or whatever it was the syndicate went to work on. If, however, Shakespeare was their only begetter, criticism may yet find something stimulating to say about these trampled texts, and it may be possible and even illuminating to relate the plays to Shakespeare's work as a whole.

Mr. Cairncross and Mr. Foakes are faithful to the Folio. Mr. Cairncross believes that Shakespeare conceived and wrote '2 Henry VI' and did it, moreover, as part of a carefully planned tetralogy written in the chronological order. No doubt he will have more to say about this overall planning when his new Arden edition of the First and Third Parts of 'Henry VI' appears. (Dr. H. F. Brooks has 'Richard III' in custody.) Mr. Cairncross' textual argument brilliantly minds its F's and Q's, and his brief appraisal of the play is exhilarating. Mr. Foakes is less conclusive in rejecting Fletcher's half-share in 'Henry VIII', but he does so. Has anybody, by the way, tested the possibility that MS. prompt copy was scorched, soaked and trampled on in the famous fire that destroyed the Globe in no time at one of the early performances of the play? If that happened after Shakespeare settled at Stratford, and a new fair copy was made, verbatim, from the undamaged sheets and with some Fletcherian and memorial assistance in reconstructing the spoiled and blurred ones, the result might have been something like the alternation of 'Shakespeare' and 'Fletcher' that otherwise hardly makes rhyme or reason. It is at least suggestive that the first long 'Fletcher' sequence of scenes crops up at just the point where all hell broke loose on the stage when the

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fire burst out, at about the end of the first act. Anyway, if something like this is feasible we might write 'Chambers discharg'd' in quite another sense. Mr. Foakes settles for Shakespeare, somewhat shakily, and proceeds to find the play admirably planned and closely related to the themes of the other final plays, but not at all to the earlier English Histories, a conclusion more debatable than it seems.

It is very noticeable that where scholarship is meticulous, stage-history is still deplorably hit-or-miss, and although the studio is not the stage a review in *THE LISTENER* may, without special pleading, mention that occasional recognition of the good work of the B.B.C. Drama Department would not come amiss. The dust-jacket of '2 Henry VI' speaks of its editor's view of 'The York tetralogy' as 'corroborated by the recent Old Vic performances of the series'. If there is to be a stage-history in Part 3, it should say that what the Birmingham Repertory Company memorably did at the Old Vic in 1953 was not the tetralogy but the trilogy, and it might be graceful to acknowledge that it is the study that is now corroborating the stage. But the nearest thing to a full performance of the tetralogy in recent years came from the B.B.C. 'Henry VI' and 'Richard III' were broadcast on four evenings (scattered through eight days) in the Third Programme in 1952; Part I was rather unfortunately represented only by excerpts interpolated in the introductory talk by Dover Wilson, who had expressed his views about multiple authorship and a different order of composition in his New Cambridge edition of the trilogy earlier in the same year.

The short stage-history of 'Henry VIII' has never heard of Sybil Thorndike's Katherine. Here again the B.B.C. Drama Department may take a bow. With Gielgud as Buckingham, Richardson as Wolsey, Donat as Cranmer, and Olivier as the Porter—the small part he had played on the stage with her in 1925—the Sybil Thorndike Golden Jubilee production of 'Henry VIII' in the Home Service in 1954 deserves a word in any future record of a play whose pageant is not so insubstantial as has been sometimes supposed.

Watcher on the Rhine. By Brian Connell. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 21s.

Mr. Connell's report on the situation in Germany as it has developed since 1945 is marred by occasional bad writing, as when he tells of things 'legated by' the Nazi regime 'legating' other things, and also by occasional lapses from good taste, as when he talks of 'bald, beer-bodied, bull-necked burghers'. But it is in general an accurate and fair-minded analysis of the contemporary German scene. On some aspects of the subject, such as the recovery of the Ruhr industries and the re-establishment of their close ties with the political authorities in Western Germany, it contains valuable details of the kind not easily come by. This is particularly true of the considerable section of the book that deals with Eastern Germany under Russian control. The analysis of the Russian hold on this area, and of its consequences on the way of life there, is made with a good deal of insight.

If only because of developments in the Eastern zone, Mr. Connell is inclined to believe that the problem of the reunification of Germany will remain insoluble by the political leaders, in Germany and the world. Realists will agree with him, especially as he has given less emphasis than he should have done to the fact that in Western Germany, as well as in the East, vested interests have arisen which already constitute wellnigh insurmountable obstacles to reunification by any peaceful process. He fears that, this being so, circumstances may arise like the end of economic prosperity in Western Germany or a crisis

between Russia and the West which may tempt some elements, notably the army leaders who are re-emerging in both German republics, to seek reunification by force. As against this sort of danger he thinks that defeat in the two world wars has not been without its effect on the German mind and that the emergence of Russia and the United States as the only world powers, by reducing for ever the relative weight of Germany in international affairs, will also act as a stabilising factor.

Perhaps the best safeguard against this danger, which certainly exists, would be for Russia and for western governments, including our own, to cease urging German reunification upon each other as if they believed it to be practicable and to cease talking about German unification as if it were indispensable for the peace of Europe. For neither of these assumptions is there the slightest evidence, as Mr. Connell's book makes clear. It is to be hoped that it will be read by those who still believe these things.

Two Studies of Kinship in London Edited by Raymond Firth.

Athlone Press. 13s. 6d.

This meticulous study of the ramifications of kinship, among some unskilled worker families living in a tenement block of flats in 'South Borough' to the South of the Thames and some families of Italian origin apparently chiefly living near Soho, demonstrates graphically the strengths and weaknesses of current social anthropology in Britain. The studies could not be more detailed, many hours were spent with each family tracing out with the utmost precision the number of kinsfolk known or known of and the relations with them; but, as far as one can tell, no attention was paid to any other aspect of the lives of the informants which must inevitably have arisen during these many hours of interviewing. It is as if blinkers were worn, narrowing the vision down to one sharply seen institution.

Professor Firth and his associates seem to have been surprised at the extension of lateral kinship ties among his lower class English informants, often extending to more than 200 'recognised kin'; but fifty years ago this was commonly known as a somewhat comic aspect of English lower class life. In *The Phoenix and the Carpet* E. Nesbit writes of servants going to 'the cook's step-mother's aunt who is hostess to a large party tonight in honour of her husband's cousin's sister-in-law's mother's ninetieth birthday'. This might almost be an extract from the book under review; kin still gather for such celebrations as christenings, marriages, and funerals; and the network of kinship is maintained by the exchange of Christmas cards, announcements, and photographs. Firth and his associates further establish that though English children take their father's surname (patronymy) there is a distinct matril bias, that is much more marked association with the mother's extended family, that women are likely to know much more about the ramifications of kinship than are their husbands, and that in most extended kindred there are one or more 'pivotal' women who maintain the links, which might otherwise disappear, between more distant family branches.

In contrast to the English, the Italianate kinship systems have strong economic functions of mutual help and, with the preference for cousin marriage, usually strong local ties with the village of origin. As opposed to migrants to the United States, Italian immigrants to England assimilate very slowly; even after two generations the links with kin in an Italian village may remain very strong, and children may be sent to Italy for education. The number of 'recognised kin' is liable to be considerably higher among the Italianates than among the English; conjoint

households are common. Italianate kinship carries a recognised series of rights and obligations, whereas English kinship is more ceremonial and allows much more play for individual likes and dislikes.

Sir Richard Gregory

By W. H. G. Armytage.

Macmillan. 21s.

It is entirely fitting that this life of the man whose name was connected for forty-five years with *Nature*, twenty of those as its editor, should be published by Macmillan, for he was also their 'scientific editor' for thirty-four years, during which he was responsible for the production of two hundred or more text-books. He was also responsible for a great many other things during the course of his long and vigorous life; he wrote practical text-books and many scientific articles; he was a University Extension Lecturer and a Fellow of the Royal Society; he founded, or helped to found, bodies too numerous to catalogue—the L. section of the British Association, the British Science Guild, the Association of Scientific Workers, etc.; *Who's Who* lists twelve organisations, including the British Association and the Ethical Union, of which he was President or Chairman; and he initiated, or played an active part in, conference after conference, and group after group concerned with the problems of science and society.

Born in poverty, the son of a Labour poet and organiser, John Gregory of Bristol, he began life as a newspaper boy and came up the hard way to South Kensington, where he met 'Mr. Lewisham' in person coming up similarly. H. G. Wells became his life-long friend. A large part of this book is taken up with ecstatic letters from one to the other; and one feels that Gregory with his scientific training, bustling endlessly after good radical causes like birth-control and the prevention of war, might have been a type of the 'good scientists' who, as his friend so often insisted, were to combine to save the world.

Good he certainly was, kind, full of friendship and energy. And Professor Armytage has recorded, faithfully if in rather clumsy prose, his birth, his life, and his causes. It is all there. And yet . . . the reader feels that there is something lacking. This is partly due to there being so many accounts of fine-sounding 'movements' headed by a list of Noble Names, which in the frustrating years between the wars came to nothing or nearly nothing . . . the perennial redeployment of the Stage Army of the Good. A typical example to be found in this book is the story of the journal called *The Realist*, supported by an immense list of distinguished editors including Arnold Bennett, the Huxleys, Harold Laski, Eileen Power, and Rebecca West, which produced nine monthly issues until 'owing to the aggravation of H. G. Wells (one of the editorial board) it ceased to appear'. Most of those who lived through the 'thirties can cap this sad little story. But, frustrations apart—and he seldom remained long frustrated—Gregory fails to emerge from these pages as a personality in his own right. 'What cannot be recaptured', says his biographer, 'is his humanity and humour that made him such a popular figure among laymen and scientists'. This, it appears, is true; it is the 'aggravating' Wells, keeping the august Sankey Commission on the Rights of Man waiting for its lunch until three o'clock while he disputed with Maggie Bondfield as to which of them had the right to speak for shop assistants, or advocating, at a meeting of the British Association, the pulping of all text-books, who steals the limelight from his friend and admirer in the latter's own biography. Nevertheless, the record of Gregory himself was needed.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Home and Foreign

TO ATTEMPT TO INCLUDE in this article the story of the International Geophysical Year, told last Sunday by His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh under the title 'The Restless Sphere', would have left me no time, country posts being what they are, to do justice to it, and so I reserve further mention of it until next week.



H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh as narrator of the programme 'The Restless Sphere', the story of the International Geophysical Year, on June 30

John Cura

The Brains Trust last week was in good fettle, and it gave me, as it always does, one or two new ideas, points of view, bits of information, and, in response to an incautious questioner who asked for a short and simple definition of Logical Positivism, a torrential reply from Professor Ayer which swept me and, I noticed, his fellow trustees off our feet. It was a *tour de force* and it was short, but was it simple? That depends of course on the recipient. Speaking for myself I can assert that, when I was on my feet again, and had got the water out of my eyes and ears, it was and, what's more, still is.

Having long since grown accustomed to the faces as well as the voices of various members of the Brains Trust, I now find myself observing the typical gestures of those of them who are not content to express themselves by speech alone but prefer to suit the action to the word, and I am confident that if I were shown among a dozen or so others some shots of the gesturing hands of Dr. Huxley and Professor Ayer I would name their owners without a moment's hesitation.

But why is it that some speakers gesture and others don't? Gesture, you may reply, is used by the speaker who has difficulty in expressing his meaning in words alone and no doubt you will point out that Lord Russell who expresses himself with ease and clarity makes few if any gestures. But to that I shall reply that in self-expression Professor Ayer is rivalled only by the machine gun, yet while he talks the fingers of both his hands are busily crumbling some invisible substance which I suspect to be gunpowder. So what about it? Perhaps the psychologist could tell us something.

'Panorama', which was entirely devoted to

South Africa, was a careful examination in the form of a film report, with Woodrow Wyatt as interviewer, of the complicated question of *apartheid*. It was not out to prove whether *apartheid* was right or wrong but to discover why it has been introduced by the present South African Government and what effect it has on the white and multifarious non-white sections of the population.

Mr. Wyatt talked to a number of people from the Prime Minister of the Union, Mr. Strijdom, downwards and I found the variety of opinions expressed not only interesting but bewildering. My sympathies and my sense of justice were swayed now this way, now that, and sometimes in mutually antagonistic directions.

And now? Now when I turn my eyes inward I find that as a result of my forty-five minutes of watching little remains but a sense of discouragement in the face of this human problem. But this is no reflection on the programme: it seemed to me a very thorough piece of work which achieved, without any of those irrelevant trimmings which sometimes fatigue and disgust the viewer, all it set out to do. What I question is whether the final effect on the ordinary viewer of programmes of this kind justifies all the care, labour, and expense that go into their making, and to this I do not know the answer.

An elaborate 'Now' programme with a completely different impact was 'A Breath of the



Woodrow Wyatt interviewing Mr. J. G. Strijdom in the special edition of 'Panorama' on South Africa and *apartheid* on June 24

Briny', a visit to Great Yarmouth on a day of intense festivity. This probed no thorny questions; it simply offered the sound and spectacle of vast crowds of people enjoying themselves and invited me to participate and, by the kindly offices of television which caters only for eye and ear and leaves the tactile and olfactory organs unprovided for, I found it delightfully easy to do so; indeed it was impossible to resist such a concentration of happiness and good humour, not to mention the surprising feats of the cameras and of Bob Danvers-Walker who, chatting complacently into his microphone all the while, was lowered from a B.E.A. helicopter into a rescue-launch, hauled back and lowered again, this time into a speed-boat travelling all out, and recalled thence to the helicopter only to be dropped again, and finally, on to a raft among a covey of bathing belles.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

DRAMA

On the Road

OUR HISTORY LESSONS continue: Robert Clive of Plessey; Hannibal on the road to Rome; the Prince Regent at Brighthelmstone. Now Lincoln is the lord of his event. Drinkwater's words, but not Drinkwater's play. This is Robert E. Sherwood's 'Abe Lincoln in Illinois'. The 'gaunt man' does not reach the White House. When we leave him, his train is ready to take him from Illinois to be the bearded figure that the world knows: the Lincoln of those few years of war that, for many out of America, are his entire life.

On Sunday, while the Springfield crowd of 1861 sang 'John Brown's Body', the lightning of 1957 rippled suddenly across the television screen, and outside the house the June night broke in thunder. It made a properly symbolic end to a play that had been a realistic study of Lincoln the man, over thirty years, rather than a determinedly dramatic affair with no points of rest.

This must have introduced Lincoln to many people. Those who know him only as he appears in Drinkwater's almost classic play may still think that he made the Gettysburg speech in Ford's Theatre a few moments before his death. Robert Sherwood's piece has no time to correct this, but at least it gives the facts of the rise towards the Presidency—if not from the log cabin itself, from the years in New Salem to the turmoil of election night in 1860. Young Abe in New Salem looked on Sunday like some Davy Crockett (probably the cap helped). The actor went on to show with tough sincerity how Lincoln (as the world knows him) evolved, the growth of the familiar hickory tree. It could excite to see the figure shaping itself: the collar, the 'plug hat', and at last the whiskers and beard that a little girl thought would give the required dignity, and that (for me) on Sunday turned the Lincoln, David Knight, into a credible portrait of Herbert Lomas.

One is inclined, I fear, to think in terms of a given actor. Thus ardent playgoers have in their minds a roll of kings and queens that includes Sir Laurence Olivier, Fred Terry, and Anna Neagle. Similarly, I must always feel that Mr. Lomas—though I have known his ghost to turn up in 'Hindle Wakes'—was shot in Ford's Theatre. After Sunday's performance I



Bob Danvers-Walker being lowered from a helicopter to a motor-boat going at speed during 'Now', televised from Great Yarmouth on June 26

John Cura

am prepared to concede that Mr. Knight was the young man of New Salem ('readin', readin'), the attorney of Springfield, the husband of Mary Todd, the victor over Stephen Douglas.

It was a direct and honest study. The play—and this was to the producer's credit—seemed to come from far away and long ago. After a dispiriting, messy first scene, during which I could not believe in the atmosphere or the inhabitants of New Salem, the production slid suddenly into its period. I think of Lincoln's entry after Ann's death when the stage rubric might have read 'Enter Abe, wet, in thunderstorm'; the speaking of the prayer by the covered wagon; the election meeting of a century ago in the light of those great flares. Nothing, the extracts from Lincoln's speeches apart, is especially potent in the text; Sherwood refuses to be theatrical for its own sake, and yet the man does grow in the mind. On Sunday David Knight and his producer, Douglas Allen, could persuade us that it was Lincoln himself. The set of impressions, the emergence of a great figure, steadily clarifying against the blur of history, will not soon be lost.

Now and then Sherwood's refusal to play to the gallery is disconcerting. Certain scenes loiter dangerously. But Lincoln is always credibly with us, this man of the people, slow to act, acutely aware of the needs of his world, urged by his ambitious wife, yet even on election night itself dreading his victory: he has the prescience to know the doubt and burden of the years ahead. Carefully, accurately, David Knight built his Lincoln. He shone into eloquence during the speeches. At other times he could reveal the troubled thought of the abolitionist who feared inevitable war. Although, in the middle of this play, the years tread on each other awkwardly, Clare Austin kept the manner for Mary Todd who becomes the Mary Lincoln of that difficult marriage. Robert Hardy brought up Billy Herndon of Springfield who, for me, is two lines from a Drinkwater poem, 'A shingle with the name "Lincoln and Herndon" at the door'. Not a major play, but one that needed performance here; possibly we shall see it in the theatre.

We spent a certain amount of Sunday in Scotland—first in the middle of the serial-play of John Buchan's 'Huntingtower'. It is the brand of piece I cherish. There are jewels, and sinister men after the jewels; there is James Hayter, beaming and rosy (with him it is ever sun-up) escaping by train from the sinister men. It adds to our pleasure when Mr. Hayter has

the accent of a Glasgow grocer. I am sorry that we are unlikely to meet again the pair of waitresses acted by Nancy Mitchell and Myrette Morven with such agreeably maddening single-mindedness. Their coffee must have been dreadful, but it was pleasant to know them. Later in the evening it was equally pleasant to see Pat Kirkwood, Hubert Gregg, and Ian Wallace among the banks and braes. (Where will 'From Me To You' go next?)

At length we met Pharaoh in full declamation in a covered wagon in one of the York Festival street-plays, with York Minster silver behind it in the drenched night. As the cart moved off, on its journey to another roadside 'station', rain lashed again across the York streets. Outside, Mr. Lincoln's thunderstorm was still volleying through the London night.

J. C. TREWIN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Moments of Truth

PAUL VINCENT CARROLL'S 'Shadow and Substance' is a sort of small-scale 'St. Joan'. Brigid, the Irish country girl in service to the Church, sees visions and hears voices. Her master, the Canon, tells her not to. She goes on with it until it kills her—the half-brick in the face makes her a martyred St. Brigid—and her death makes the Canon realise that knowledge, power, and righteous intention are not enough without the sort of simple, loving spirit that was in the girl.

I take it this is not only a tale of two people. It is a dramatisation of the danger of all institutionalised religion, but the prose naturalism somehow keeps the theme earthbound. It also misled Harold Goldblatt and Phyllis Ryan, in Ronald Mason's Home Service production last week, to stress the faults of the Church and the virtues of the saint, when they should perhaps have played against them. Tragedy is the conflict of good with good. The Canon has practically everything—culture, experience, judgement, authority—except the sort of humility and charity which is the one thing that really matters. Brigid, on the other hand, surely needs some of the awkwardness and absurdity of simple saintliness. We need to feel how easy it is for



Scene from 'Abe Lincoln in Illinois', on June 30, with (left to right) Clare Austin as Mary Todd, David Knight as Abraham Lincoln, John Arnatt as Ninian Edwards, Patricia Marmont as Elizabeth Edwards, and Eric House as Crimmin

these two to misunderstand each other as well as how utterly they depend on each other. Mr. Goldblatt and Miss Ryan gave very good performances but the cards were stacked a little too heavily against the Canon.

Gerhart Hauptmann's 'Elga' shows something like the antithesis of 'Shadow and Substance'. If Count Starschenski had not idealised his wife he would not have been destroyed by the discovery of her infidelity. 'Elga' is described as 'Hauptmann's adaptation of scenes from Grillparzer's novel of the same name, a dream vision framed in two scenes of reality'. It runs dangerously close to the sort of old-style melodrama that now makes us smile. Baby drops mummy's jewel box, daddy picks up a miniature and instantly sees that the hair and eyes are the same as his child's, which therefore can't be his. But Donald McWhinnie's Third Programme production of his own version managed to work up an atmosphere of waking nightmare in which this potentially ludicrous element of the old play was usually submerged. He was helped by Michael Hordern, giving it the Websterian Teutonic temptress. There were also one or two notable minor performances. Charles Alexander's steward was completely convincing, simultaneously a character and an imaginative apparition. Janette Richer, as a servant girl who shares her mistress' guilty secret, let out one unexpected scream that raised me clean out of my chair.

By comparison with a novel radically adapted by an experienced professional playwright for the stage, the radio versions of most novels tend to sprawl. 'The Revenge for Love' has a thematic unity, but two successive stories, the first of which is dramatically expendable. The second is about the abortive efforts of a devoted woman—convincingly played by Isla Cameron—to save her husband from being double-crossed to death running guns for the Communists in the Spanish War. Wyndham Lewis' satirical attack on fakes and rackets from painting to politics via passion is scaldingly successful. D. G. Bridson's Third Programme production worked up to the most exciting car dash I have ever heard on the air, quite superbly orchestrated by Roberto Gerhard's music.

The other anti-totalitarian tract on the air last week, George Orwell's 'Animal Farm', produced (for the third time) by Rayner Heppenstall in the Home Service, gets no more than a grunt from me. The moral is the right one but the fable is not really up to much. I never thought



'Dead Easy', on June 27: from left to right are Elwyn Brook-Jones as Steele, Lana Morris as Vivienne, Helen Cherry as Petra, Pamela Alan as Laura, and Alan Wheatley as Kelly



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highly of a parable in which the animals have to build a windmill because the five-year plan has to be worked in somewhere. A conscientiously cacophonous performance impressed me as neither human nor animal but merely beastly. I am, I know, out of step about this, but Orwell's best-selling bestiary always seemed to me to lack the sort of creative high spirits that make satire salutary. These animals came from a war-weary mind too near the end of its tether.

It was almost restful to retire from public to private crime on Saturday. Philip Levene's 'Sound Alibi', in the Home Service, gave away its gimmick in the title, but artfully held back until the end the mistake that catches the criminal. The behaviour of the detectives struck me as suspicious. Nobody checked the fire-escape for footprints, apparently. They put the girl on a murder charge on circumstantial evidence and only then started to look around for another possible killer, catching the ornithologist just as he was literally taking flight. And does it take all night to check on the Sunday train-service from Haslemere, even if you are using Bradshaw?

ROY WALKER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Clever Cutting

'CUTTING A FILM', says Jean Cocteau, 'is one of the most fascinating jobs there is. One relives one's past life'. In radio there are three kinds of cutting: cutting for time, cutting for what is impermissible, and cutting for effect. It is the last kind, cutting as an art, which over the years has not been practised enough. It was, I think, Mr. W. R. Rodgers' Portraits on the Third Programme of Joyce and Yeats which comparatively late in the day disclosed the full subtlety of the 'jigsaw' form. The trick was to record on tape yards and yards of talk and gossip about the programme's hero, and then back in the studio to cut and juxtapose them into a significant pattern.

A human life as it appears à la Citizen Kane to those who knew the dead man best makes a perfect natural picture for the jigsaw, but this use of pre-recorded conversation can also work wonders in a multiple discussion as Mr. Gordon Gow showed in 'The Quest for Realism' on the Home Service last week. This medley of opinion by eminent people in the film world had been garnered over the past year or so. It managed not merely to travel hopefully all over the place, as less doctored discussions often do, but also absorbingly to arrive at several firm conclusions. It was steered from the start on to the right course by Mr. Eric Ambler who, speaking as a screen-play writer, suggested the substitution of 'real-seeming' for 'realism': even in a naval war film, the whole point of which is accuracy, enormous distortion must be practised to make things like orders from the helm seem real. Elementary, my dear Watson? Maybe; but before long we found ourselves cruising full steam ahead through that cruel sea which has already submerged so many theatrical apologists and actors—the Method. By clever cutting, Miss Joan Crawford appeared to be defending her kind of screen formalism against the more fundamentalist doctrine preached by such an outstandingly successful young exponent of the Method as Miss Julie Harris. Miss Harris worked in the American Actors' Studio, where Lee Strasberg developed the training technique of Stanislavsky, with Marlon Brando (whom she can recall in Molière) and the late James Dean, two actors whose characterisations have acquired such mythical power over a generation that university lecturers are already citing a misunderstanding of Freud and Marx to explain their hold (see the next column).

But what came most clearly out of the comments as a whole was the community of attitude about film realism that there is in people from the same country. The French understand by realism something quite different from the Italians, and so on. Rossellini and Fellini shared a kind of nervous reticence in talking about their method which is so obviously intuitive whereas Jean Renoir seemed able to call upon the analytical resources of a *philosophe* to explain the part played by fashion in the making of an image of the human face that an audience will accept as real. Beside such continental intensity Mr. Alfred Hitchcock appeared to have the whole thing under relaxed control and, as it were, worked out in advance. 'Audiences are smarter today', he drawled knowingly. 'They want to see human failings'.

As a shrewd student of human failings, Mr. Hitchcock might have been interested to hear two talks last week by scientists. 'Oh, the difference of man, and man', said Goneril, but she did not quite mean it the same way as Mr. Brian M. Foss in his talk on 'Personal Differences'. Mr. Foss aimed mainly to put laymen in the picture about typology, showing what success psychologists have had in finding out by experiment where lie the roots of the different human types. The picture one gathers is still fairly muzzy; for verifiable evidence Goneril is still one up. Yet it was fascinating to hear of experiments which test a person's 'tolerance of ambiguity'. Will one soon be able to predict how a critic will react to a poem by discovering experimentally his Tolerance Quotient? Is, in a simple optical test, seeing one moving light rather than two stationary ones a pre-condition of liking Brecht?

In his three talks on Responsibility which have now been completed, Dr. Richard Peters has had the harder task of clearing up some of the litter of error left lying around by picnickers on the intellectual estates of Marx and Freud. I am not sure that he was wise to choose the angry young men (my typewriter sticks on the letters) as the butt of his admirably corrective attack. So far as I understand the attitude it seems to derive not from misunderstanding either Marx or Freud, but from D. H. Lawrence. Dr. Peters could perhaps have pinpointed his argument down to earth more often, but he did put lucidly across in the last talk the valuable distinction between the cause of an action and its ground. If Freud and Marx seemed to leave a blank cheque absolving the individual from guilt, Dr. Peters has scrawled 'R.D.' across it heavily.

The person who repudiated his guilt long before any of these gentlemen was Baudelaire, and to celebrate the centenary of *Les Fleurs du Mal*, and incidentally coinciding with the publication of Dr. Enid Starkie's new biography of the poet, some of the poems have been read on the Third Programme. Translating 'Spleen' as roughly 'total boredom', Mr. Rayner Heppenstall produced a selection of several under this heading that were vocally ungarished by the readers and totally absorbing. Bilingual poetry programmes, an instructive delight, will one hopes always be a feature of radio whatever dark threats lie in store. When the axe falls poetry is always the first to go.

ANTHONY CURTIS

[Mr. Michael Swan will be resuming his articles shortly]

MUSIC

All Present and (?) Correct

THE MANAGEMENT of the Royal Opera is to be congratulated on getting all three guest artists simultaneously on to the stage for the performance of 'Il Trovatore', which was broadcast in

the Third Programme on Monday of last week. There congratulations must cease, for it is impossible to pat anyone on the back for the casting of the part of Manrico, and one can do no more than condole over the circumstances that resulted in a singularly flat performance. This was disappointing, for on the first night of the revival a great deal of the sheer excitement of the grand old music was realised.

In the first place, Mme. Milanov had not recovered last week from her indisposition and was so obviously below her best form that I hope that no one, relying on the experience of this, her first broadcast here since before the war, will dismiss her claim to be a great singer. Her performance on the first night and, still more, the recording of the opera in which she took part, showed that she is one of the outstanding dramatic sopranos of our time with that exciting edge (without shrillness or hardness) to her voice that brings out all the dramatic power of Verdi's melodic curves, transforming them into great arches of thrilling sound.

As to the tenor, Kurt Baum, he has an excellent voice, but it is a voice of the wrong type and he showed little feeling for the style of Verdi's music. One asks why a German tenor should have been engaged for this most Italianate of operas? If a good Italian tenor was not available, why was James Johnston, who put up a first-rate performance (in English) when he deputised for Kurt Baum on the first night, not encouraged to sing the part in Italian? He has specialised in Italian opera and, as his singing of 'Di quella pira' showed, has a good idea of the style. I am sure he could have contributed as good a performance as Jess Walters' Count, which sounded particularly well in the broadcast, and the Ferrando of Michael Langdon who is as good at this kind of thing as any of the Italian basses we hear nowadays in the part.

Even the Azucena (Fedora Barbieri) was a little disappointing. Concentrating on the dramatisation of the part, the singer gave us too little of her lovely velvety tone until the final scene. In her opening narration she produced some ugly sounds and, by overemphasis, even put her voice occasionally out of tune. It was not surprising that, all these matters being taken into account, the conductor, Edward Downes, seemed rattled and tended to take the music too fast. In particular, he failed to allow for the expansion of the phrases that so obviously call for it, e.g., in the Trio at the end of the first act (Verdi's, not Covent Garden's, whose rearrangement destroys the carefully calculated balance of the opera's form). Nonetheless, Mr. Downes showed us how much there is to admire in this despised score.

It was a happy chance that enabled us to hear, immediately after 'The Trojans', a performance of Berlioz' 'La Damnation de Faust' (in French too!) relayed from the Royal Festival Hall. It is, like most of the composer's works, extraordinarily uneven, and, like 'The Trojans', gives evidence of Berlioz' inability to construct a satisfactory musical drama. It was well sung, particularly by Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and David Lloyd (the excellent, if slightly hard-voiced, Tamino, of Glyndebourne's 'Die Zauberflöte'). Michel Roux' Mephistopheles was too little sardonic in tone to make the character effective. The performance of the Philharmonia Orchestra under Massimo Freccia was good, but we have in this country so high a standard (set by Hamilton Harty and Beecham) for the performance of such things as the Hungarian March and the Dances of Sylphs and Will-o'-the-Wisps that 'good' is not good enough. These pieces went stodgy.

If orchestral virtuosity is to the listener's taste, he had his fill last Wednesday when the Home

Service relayed, also from the Festival Hall, a concert by the L.S.O. conducted by Leopold Stokowski. The brilliant handling of orchestral timbres sufficed for the 'Carnaval Romain' Overture and Ravel's delightfully satirical conflation of Iberian idioms in the 'Rapsodie-Espagnole'. It was, I thought, wasted on Prokofiev's 'Scythian Suite', which sounded so barbarously outlandish in 1914 but now is just tame-cat 'exotic', quite put in the shade by Stravinsky's glittering 'Fire Bird'. The greatest music in the programme, Debussy's 'Nocturnes', calls for something more than the finest playing—a sense of poetry which somehow the conductor seemed to have mislaid.

Even more than 'Il Trovatore' at Covent Garden, 'Falstaff' at Glyndebourne, whence it

was broadcast on Saturday, suffered from a derangement of its carefully calculated proportions. By a kind of judgement of Solomon it was ruthlessly divided into two acts, with a long interval just where there should be none at all, for the second scene of Act II begins at the exact moment, or even a little before, the first scene ends. There were also lengthy breaks between the scenes, for which there is no excuse, since Boito constructed the libretto so that a shallow front-scene is followed by one occupying the whole stage, thereby enabling the producer to carry through each act with the minimum of interval between the scenes. This is important because nothing has contributed more to the opera's theatrical failure (as compared with its high reputation with musicians) than

these long waits between the scenes which allow the excitement just generated to evaporate.

Of Geraint Evans' Falstaff I will say now only that his voice, so admirably suited to Beckmesser and Papageno, lacks the richness—the pinguidity, shall we say?—ideally required for the part, but that he none-the-less gave a wonderfully good comic performance. I hope to discuss the production in detail in a later article. Here I would draw the attention of those who, like myself, thought the last act rather went to pieces, to the thermometer. It was hot enough, just sitting still in one's stall: the thought of having to conduct an orchestra, to play an instrument, or to move about the stage is one that moves the mind to pity rather than to censure.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Changing Conceptions of Fugue

By A. E. F. DICKINSON

'The Art of Fugue', the 'Grosse Fuge', and Mozart's Adagio and Fugue in C minor will be broadcast at 8.0 p.m. on Thursday, July 11 (Third)

IT must be admitted that the common accounts of fugue, in manuals on the subject, give an impression of rule and precept, of nearly automatic and apparently aimless craftsmanship, rising at best to a shallow technical virtuosity. The name of J. S. Bach is frequently invoked, but musical experience of fugues in general—for few fugues stand out in common esteem as do the 'Pathétique', 'Appassionata' and many untitled sonatas—is apt to be baffling. There is a superficial resemblance, at least, between the fugues not only of Bach in his successive periods but of composers of almost every period since. This suggests an abject surrender to conventionality and sophistry, in which the answer, or second entry starts up a highly predictable pattern of rejoinder, closely woven accompaniment and dull persistence. A chance recorded statement by Beethoven, that anyone can write a fugue, serves to confirm a suspicion of creative standards.

There is a modicum of truth in all this, as may be observed by scanning the background of Bach's historic adoption of fugue as a vehicle for an incredible variety of situations. Fugue emerged in the seventeenth century, along with variations on a traditional or original theme, as a working schedule for extended keyboard music. In the hands of Sweelinck and others, its thematic plan and textural means guaranteed to a single salient phrase a minimum substance of development, by a steady blend of weaving and contrapuntal variation for its own sake, without the supporting text of a chorale-movement. The North German predecessors of Bach tightened the sense of constant rejoinder, and often enlarged the scope by joining together two or even three fugues, with plenty of bravura to fill gaps in the structure and texture. Yet they and their audiences had no misgivings about the general process. They liked a fugue to be a fugue, not a *jeu d'esprit*.

One of the early comments on Bach's fugues was that they sounded too characteristic to be proper fugues. The organ fugues are contentious, calmly decorative, cumulative, in turn. (It will suffice to mention those in G minor, C major and D minor). Freedom of expression is even more marked in the two series which make up the 'Forty-eight'. In each collection, Bach pinned down to the key-series a variety of type and genre which together fulfilled for him a

panorama of fanciful existence. He was able to maintain this versatility because he matched an unprecedented thematic precision with an equally just choice of structure. One has only to listen to the first six pieces of each volume to realise how constructive and multilateral Bach's fugue is, whether it is mainly hand-work or, on the other hand, rewardingly scholastic in its exposure of every facet of its chosen text.

The prodigious achievement of working to a true conclusion twice twenty-four fugal starts, with as many others in stray pieces and in choruses, eventually guided Bach to demonstrate how mere fugue could expand twentyfold around one main subject. He chose a plain, almost drab subject, shaped for technical agility in cumulative entries, not by an inherent passion of rhythm or intonation, apart from the minor key's suggestion of man's dull but steady struggle. In 'The Art of Fugue', the experience of at least three creative periods, of fugue with prelude, was now strained and classified in an exhibition of groups of living species in turn, on a common stem.

After four examples of contrapuntal impromptu, with increasingly resourceful diversionary episodes, three fugues show an equal variety of close thematic imitation at normal or changing speeds, as the focal points of a freely decorative polyphony. Then, the revival of the multiple-fugue plan of the earlier organists, through the combination of the main subject with fresh subjects in turn, makes four seemingly conclusive fugues. But in a second and more wayward series, not sent by Bach to the engraver, the technical virtuosity of twin-fugues, one the reverse of the other melodically and harmonically, passes *via* four canonic essays to a four-fugue scheme which was left unfinished. In these final keyboard fugues, Bach wrote steadily for himself, fearless of automatic rejoinder, and frankly not interested in problems of textural monotony.

Fugue was already out of date. It could have no place in opera or progressive sonata. At Vienna, however, the Baron van Swieten, a formidable baroque-loving patron of music, brought fugue back by proxy, by commissioning Mozart to produce both string-ensemble arrangements of Bach and original pieces. Mozart's piano fugue in C major develops a formal text with humorous zest and pomp. In the C minor fugue, later transferred to strings with an

impressive *adagio* prelude, an almost sinister virtuosity serves the trenchant imagery. A later patron adapted the work (as his own) for an overture to 'Faust' music. (It may be noted that Elgar similarly regarded fugue as a diabolical symbol, suitable for the cynics of 'Gerontius' and the first Whitsun in 'The Kingdom'.) Mozart's weaving is far from aimless, but it is as insouciant as his reflections of Count Almaviva's intrusions.

Beethoven's early studies of fugue left him equally indifferent, as has been said. But in time he came to need fugue to complete a sonata design. In the great Sonata in B flat (Op. 106) and in the prolonged quartet in the same key which followed several years later, he consummated an abnormally expansive creative impulse with a tremendous fugue. For the Sonata he produced, in a palpable struggle between ends and means, double fugue, acrobatic counterpoint, and abundant interlude and coda. In the Quartet, a series of short middle movements, ending in a cavatina of pronounced simplicity of feeling, drew from Beethoven a prodigious finale, combining four fugues, with prelude, interludes and aftermath. In a somewhat hasty moment of 'practical' consideration, he replaced this later with a jaunty movement of conventional structure.

The 'Grosse Fuge' was thus separated from its original provenance and published separately. Beethoven even made a piano-duet version. With all respect to the creator of the finished quartet for being prepared to sacrifice so much for the sake of a total impact, I for one regret the alteration.

The now isolated fugue remains a monument of Beethoven's highly distinctive art of fugue. It is informal, yet devilishly persistent; discursive, yet revealing in changing tempi fresh tokens of separate movements, whose common basic theme forms the focus of a coherent cycle of singularly wide range. The quartet medium is strained to the utmost, and there is something to be said for performance by a string orchestra. The inner subject is not only ubiquitous but assumer of several roles, and, as does not happen in 'The Art of Fugue', ends up as master of the situation, the essence of the striving elements. It had been so in the last flight of Op. 106, and the subject *per se* piercingly illuminates the final vision of the life to come in the 'Missa Solennis'.

Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

SALAD DRESSINGS

I THINK YOU may like to have some ideas about getting different flavours into your salad by the dressings with various kinds of vinegars that you can make quickly and cheaply at home. Garlic is the first one that comes to mind. For this you use 1 quart of vinegar (I use white vinegar) and about 2 or 3 heads of garlic, that means the whole bulb. Skin and chop the garlic, put it into a wide-necked bottle, pour on the vinegar, cork it and leave for about ten days, giving it a good shake once a day, and at the end of ten days strain it through a piece of muslin and put into an ordinary bottle until you need it. You can vary this flavouring by using either shallots or onions if you prefer.

To obtain a tarragon flavour the procedure is much the same only it needs a rather longer brew. If you are lucky enough to have a garden and some tarragon growing in it, gather the leaves on a dry day and crush them slightly. Put them into a bottle with vinegar and leave for about six or seven weeks. Strain and bottle as before. If you cannot get hold of fresh tarragon you can use the dried variety quite successfully. For cucumber vinegar use enough vinegar to cover a sliced cucumber, 2 small shallots, a clove of garlic, peppercorns and salt. Boil the vinegar, salt and peppercorns for about a quarter of an hour and then let them get cold. Put your sliced cucumber (with the skin on) into a bottle with the shallots and chopped garlic, pour the cold vinegar on to it, and cork it up. This should be kept about a fortnight.

On the whole, most people seem to prefer a simple dressing of oil and vinegar seasoned with

salt and pepper and perhaps a little sugar, and this is obviously the quickest form of dressing. But there are some good, unusual ones which are better served separate from the salad, such as a mixture of garlic, basil, and cooked tomatoes pounded up together and seasoned with pepper and salt, olive oil being added drop by drop until you get the kind of consistency you like.

I think it is as well to remember that egg yolk, both raw and cooked, is a useful and nourishing ingredient to a salad dressing. Cream, either whipped or straight, sour or fresh, is also a delicious addition.

RENA BOSANQUET

CONCRETE FLOORS

'How can I prevent concrete floors from sweeping up?', asks a listener. 'I have heard about painting with a mixture of waterglass. If this is possible, what measure of water do I use?' It is true that waterglass can be used for stopping concrete floors dusting or, as the listener so aptly said, 'sweeping up'. There are, however, other materials, such as floor sealers and floor paints, which are at least as good and may be easier to apply. When using waterglass you will probably need three coats, and you should allow a day between each coat. Wash the floor twenty-four hours after putting the last coat on. Use 1 part of waterglass to 4 parts of water for the first coat; 1 part to 3 parts for the second coat, and 1 part to 2 for the third coat. Sweep the floor first and put on the solution with a brush or mop.

H. J. ELDRIDGE

Notes on Contributors

SIR EDWARD APPLETON, G.B.E., K.C.B., F.R.S. (page 3): Principal and Vice-Chancellor, Edinburgh University; chairman of the international committee which since 1950, has been planning the radio investigations during the International Geophysical Year; Nobel Prize for Physics, 1947; author of *Science and the Nation* (B.B.C. Reith Lectures)

JOSSLEYN HENNESSY (page 5): London correspondent of *The Eastern Economist* of New Delhi; has recently visited the training centres of the new German Army; formerly Director of Public Information to the Government of India

MARGERY PERHAM, C.B.E. (page 6): Fellow in Imperial Government, Nuffield College, Oxford, since 1947; author of *Lugard—The Years of Adventure*, *The Government of Ethiopia*, *Native Administration in Nigeria*, etc.

R. D. YOUNG (page 11): Assistant to the Chairman of Tube Investments Ltd.

BAINBRIDGE COPNALL (page 15): sculptor; formerly Headmaster of Sir John Cass College School of Art; at present engaged on bronze fountains for Crawley New Town and carvings for Holborn and Cardiff

LANCE SIEVEKING (page 20): author, playwright, producer; Drama Script Editor, B.B.C., 1946-50; West Regional Programme Director, 1942-44; author of *The Eye of The Beholder*, *A Private Volcano*, etc.

MICHAEL JAFFÉ (page 22): Assistant Lecturer in Art, Cambridge University

Crossword No. 1,414.

Alphabetical Inserts—VI.

By Sam

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, July 11. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.

There are twenty-six lights clued by words containing one letter less than the corresponding light; the lights are obtained from these words by inserting another letter, a different letter being used each time. The positions of the inserted letters are indicated by dots in the relevant squares, the top right-hand corners for across lights and the

bottom left-hand for down lights. The whole of each clue defines the clued word and in addition there is a hidden mixture of the letters of the word in each clue; in this connection, punctuation should be ignored. 13 and 15 are proper nouns and 23 is a Scots word (in *Chambers's Mid-Century Dictionary*).

CLUES—ACROSS

- You might well see a mechanic using a grease gun here (6)
- The basis of their creed is testimony of reason, not the Bible (6)
- To cut off bone pieces, trepans may be used (6)
- Use up, revise or examine in detail (6)
- Here's a term once applied to a N. American who arranged sittings in a meeting house (6)
- Fraternity of 'the silent ones', seemingly ascetics (6)
- Sale to consumer; you can alter it to make a liquid measure (6)
- Epithet once applied to an animal which, by nature, is long-eared (6)
- Used for example by mechanics when checking sparking plugs, gears and tyres (6)
- Are these organ stops used for storm effects? (6)
- Chesterton provides a definition clue: 'They have no — as yet' (6)
- Possibly nowadays, one can see stone or earthenware vessels of this type in museums (6)

DOWN

- English antiquarian who died 'in good King George's glorious days' (5)
- Tricksters' subterfuges (5)
- Animal fat used particularly for ointments (5)
- Perpetuates, in reels of film perhaps (11)
- They express disapproval concerning proposals of, for example, private, sacred or political importance (11)
- Walrus or means of communication (5)
- Grease which is removed before worsted and woollen suitings are made-up (5)
- An overseer who controls table service (5)
- Propense (5)
- In Tudor and Stuart times it described a fallow and atrabilious malady of the body (5)
- Enclosed ground, perhaps with grass on it (5)

- A wickerwork basket carrying crockery, glass or other goods (5)
- Make a slight change in tone or colour (5)
- He survived the war against Volorges III but died suddenly in 169 A.D. (5)

Solution of No. 1,412

2	8	3	7	5	4	3	6
1	8	4	1	4	1	4	8
3	1	9	2	0	8	5	9
3	6	6	0	9	9	9	3
3	3	1	1	2	6	7	9
2	8	0	1	7	2	8	2
7	5	0	5	7	2	8	1
2	4	1	2	9	0	1	2
1	0	2	1	3	6	6	1

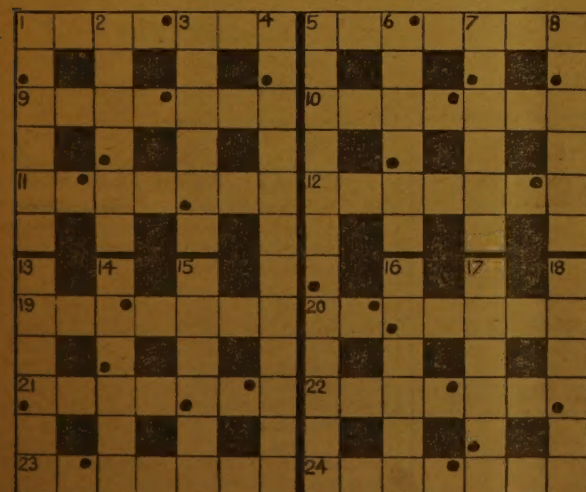
NOTES

If $(a_1, a_2, \dots, a_m)_x = (b_1, b_2, \dots, b_m)_x$ for $1 < x < p$ then $(a_1, a_2, \dots, a_m, b_1 + c, b_2 + c, \dots, b_m + c)_x = (b_1, b_2, \dots, b_m, a_1 + c, a_2 + c, \dots, a_m + c)_x$ for $1 < x < p + 1$ and for all values of c . From this can be deduced that multigrades* satisfied for $1 < x < 5$ are given parametrically by: $-(a - 3b, a - b, a + 15b, a + 19b, a + 35b, a + 37b)_x = (a - 5b, a + 5b, a + 7b, a + 27b, a + 29b, a + 39b)_x$. The next step is to locate multigrades of this type in which the first 3 terms are squares. Write $a - 3b = x^2$, $a - b = y^2$ and $a + 15b = z^2$. Then $2(2x)^2 + z^2 = (3y)^2$, a familiar 'Pellian' equation, solutions of which show that the required three square terms are given parametrically by:—

$91^2 m^2, (1^2 + 2m^2)^2, 9(1^2 - 2m^2)^2$ where $2m < 1 < 4m$. The four multigrades of this type used are given by $(1, m) = (3, 1), (5, 2), (7, 2)$ and $(11, 5)$ respectively.

* This term is used by Maurice Kraitchik in *Mathematical Recreations*.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: R. P. Bolton (Birkenhead); 2nd prize: R. L. Hutchings (Solihull); 3rd prize: B. H. Yemm (Dunstable)



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